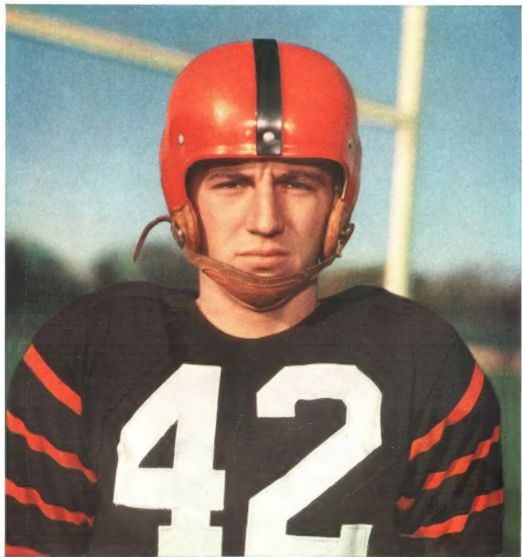


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



John T. McCullough

PRINCETON'S KAZMAIER
From a single wing, a triple threat.



It's floodlighting
the whole motoring scene with
the brilliance of its performance

NEW STUDEBAKER COMMANDER V-8

The 120-horsepower wonder car

*It packs a terrific wallop!
It's a penny-pincher with gas!*

NEEDS NO PREMIUM FUEL



Two-ton drum beat soft-pedaled by rubber

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich product improvement

THEY put raw hides into that big drum and as the drum turns, the hides are tossed around in acid, being tanned for upholstery. But turning the drum was a problem. With complicated sets of gears the noise was nerve-racking, the vibration damaging to equipment. Tough on workers, expensive too.

Someone thought of using V belts to turn the drum. Engineers agreed that V belts would be quiet but knew no ordinary belt would stand the strain. Then they heard of the B. F. Goodrich grommet belt—a different kind of

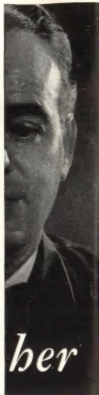
V belt developed and made only by B. F. Goodrich. These belts are so rugged that the engineers simply put the belts around the drum—the running belts turn it. The banging and clanking was changed to quiet rhythm and there was no more vibration—grommet belts absorbed the shaking and jerking, turning the drum like a smooth-running wheel.

A grommet is a tension member inside the belt. It's made like a giant cable except that it is endless—a cord loop made by winding heavy cord on itself. There are two grommets in a B. F. Goodrich V belt. They

stand the shocks and heavy loads, also make the belt flexible.

The grommet belt is a typical B. F. Goodrich improvement—an improvement that saves money, does jobs better for industries of all kinds. It's the result of day-by-day research and it's a good reason for you to get in touch with your local BFG distributor when you need industrial rubber products. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial and General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY



She complained of her yet never knew her

Her doctor's check-up
his simple remedy restored

WHEN he asked her to dance, she was just too tired.

When you find that you can't keep up with friends, when everything seems to be such an effort, it's time to face the facts. It could be that you are ill—perhaps seriously so—without really knowing it. You may suspect there is something wrong when you feel constantly tired and little things upset you, yet you never quite get around to doing anything about it.

When people behave like this, they are usually sick.

It may be that they are suffering from some nutritional deficiency, or their trouble could be caused by an underactive thyroid, or some other glandular disorder. The only way to get at the *cause* is to have a physical examination by a doctor. He

can determine precisely what is wrong, and prescribe the treatment that will correct the condition.

Unfortunately, many people do not seek medical aid soon enough. If their weariness is due to thyroid or some other glandular deficiency, this condition could lead to permanent disability. Low blood pressure, obesity, or even a damaged heart could result.

Don't treat yourself

If you feel tired all the time, or have a variety of minor complaints, don't dose yourself with tonics or pills. Find out the real cause of your trouble by going to your doctor—it will cost you less in the long run.

Physiologic Therapeutics Through Bioresearch For Longer Useful Living





"dragged out" feeling health was failing

found the cause and
her natural high spirits

If you're suffering from a nutritional deficiency, your doctor may put you on a special diet, or possibly recommend certain vitamins. In the case of thyroid deficiency, he may prescribe thyroid medication. Let him examine you, determine what is wrong, and keep you in good health.

Have a physical examination

Your doctor can save you from a tired, dreary existence—even from unforeseen disaster—if you let him. Let him look you over, tell you what to do to keep well and happy. Nothing is more valuable than good health—and keeping it is a responsibility you owe to yourself and your family.

Let the doctor decide

Don't try to treat yourself. Go to your doctor. If you don't have a family physician, get one now. He will come to know your normal condition so well, he can quickly detect anything wrong. At his command are medicine's amazing discoveries in diagnostic procedures, treatment and new drugs.

Armour is proud of its share in the development of many of these drugs. Thyroid is only one of a long list of Armour pharmaceuticals developed during the past half century. It is available to you through your doctor's prescription. He may, or may not, find you need it. But you'll feel better, stay better, if you let him decide.

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Sole producer of ACTHAR (A. C. T. H.—Armour). Since 1885, pioneer manufacturer of sutures and pharmaceuticals prescribed by the medical profession—notably THYROID, INSULIN, LIVER PREPARATIONS, and PITUITARY HORMONE PRODUCTS.

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Harry and David
BOX 50, MEDFORD, OREGON

At least lots of 'em do, and the trees that hatch our Royal Riviera Pears 'n other rare, exotic fruits are scarce as a cow that gives ice cream. Harry and I still have the old-fashioned notion that a dollar ought to buy you a good 100-cents-worth of value! Every one of these Christmas gifts is a real money-saver. In plectsin', perfect-taste packages, we ship straight from our Bear Creek Orchards to whoever you say. Greetings with your name enclosed free. You'll get more thanks than a whistle has toots. Perfect delivery



ROYAL RIVIERA PEARS*

America's rarest, finest fruit—the gift they'll always remember. Talk about thanks!—you'll never hear the last of it. A just-right present for anyone, whether they live in a castle or cottage. So juicy you eat 'em with a spoon. You can't buy these gift packages in stores for love or money. But here's the best news: they're not high-priced, they're inexpensive. Packed in handsome gift boxes, with your greetings. Available Nov. 1–Jan. 26. GIFT NO. 1 (shown) ... Delv'd, \$3.35 10 to 14 big pears, a great favorite. GIFT NO. 2 (20–25 big pears) ... Delv'd, \$4.35. What a bargain! GIFT NO. 3 (20–25 smaller pears) ... Delv'd, \$3.95. The Family Gift Box—well for 2nd helpings.



TOWER OF TREATS*

Imagine giving folks quintuplets—not just 1 present, but 5 sparkling gift boxes towering 14" high! All tied together with satin ribbons, topped with a big bow and a Christmas sprig of real Oregon Holly. Inside are Royal Riviera Pears, jumbo apples, giant figs, other fine surprises. It's the first gift seen under any tree—and what a value! If we told you this grand gift cost \$15 you probably wouldn't bat an eyelash, 'cause it's worth it. But we aren't out to get rich quick (more fun gain' slow), so we'll deliver it for you anywhere in the U.S.A. proper for only—GIFT NO. 51 (shown) ... Delv'd, \$7.35. And we have another Tower of Treats, too ... GIFT NO. 50 (4 boxes) ... Delv'd, \$5.95. Holds Riviera Pears, apples, other treats. Both available Nov. 20–Jan. 15.



FRUIT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB*

The gift that creates praise and excitement for you the year 'round! You order just once, but the lucky folks you name receive a whole parade of America's finest fruits 'n delicacies, each beautifully packaged with your greeting. Tell us how to sign the handsome engraved Membership Certificate announcing your gift and treats-to-come. 12-BOX CLUB: at Xmas, Riviera Pears; Jan., Apples; Feb., Grapefruit; Mar., Pine Chese; April, Preserves; May, Fruit Cake; June, Canned Fruit; July, Nectarines; Aug., Pears; Sept., Peaches; Oct., Grapes; Nov., Riviera Pears. Gift No. 20, \$43.75 Delv'd. 8-BOX CLUB: omits Mar., May, June, Aug. Gift No. 15, \$28.95 Delv'd. 3-BOX CLUB: Xmas, Jan., Feb. treats; Gift No. 11, \$10.25 Delv'd. ... 3-BOX CLUB available Nov. 10–Jan. 15 only; others may be started at any time. * © H&D

LETTERS

Crabbed Youth & Age

Sir:
The first glance at your Nov. 5 cover with its "Younger Generation" banner and its picture of Winston Churchill was, to say the least, rather striking.

MAURICE LAGACE

St. Louis

Sir:

I nominate Winston Churchill as Man of the Second Half-Century.

GARDNER F. WATTS

Monsey, N.Y.

Man of the Year?

Sir:
I would like to recommend Mr. John Foster Dulles for TIME's 1951 Man of the Year. I think he is due this honor for the marvelous job he did on the Japanese peace treaty.

M. B. PILCHER

Nashville

Sir:

... General Matthew Ridgway ... For in this twelvemonth, no man, by sheer force of character or professional skill, has more conspicuously served his country, and the hopes of all mankind, than our U.N. Commander in the Far East ...

ALBIN DEARING

Cecilton, Md.

How Wrong Can You Be?

Sir:

This is to congratulate both Senator H. Alexander Smith for his deciding to vote

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter January 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S. 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-specified editions, Hawaii, 1 yr., \$5.00; Alaska, 1 yr., \$10.00; Cuba, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

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TIME
November 19, 1951

Volume LVIII
Number 23

TIME, NOVEMBER 19, 1951



What to do
in '52...

Canada's 10 Top Vacations!

Begin your next year's vacation right away... start planning now for the good times you'll have in Canada in '52! So choose your Maple Leaf tour here... and let Canadian National help you arrange your trip-of-a-lifetime. Days, routes, dollars can be tailored to meet your needs. And remember, many of these Canadian vacation areas are winter playgrounds, too!

You can find out about
Canada's 10 Top Vacations
at any Canadian National Office

1. Across Canada — *Mighty Mt. Robson from the "CONTINENTAL LIMITED"*. 2. Alaska Cruise — *Snow-capped mountains along 1000-mile Inside Passage*. 3. British Columbia "Triangle Route"

— *Mountains look down on Vancouver*. 4. Eastern Cities and Laurentians — *Visitors find year-round appeal*. 5. Hudson Bay and Winnipeg — *"Far North" camera shots*. 6. Jasper — *and beautiful Maligne Lake, in the Canadian Rockies*. 7. Lake of the Woods — *Minaki Lodge, on the Scenic Route across Canada*. 8. Ontario Highlands — *Land of lakes and streams*. 9. Provinces by the Sea — *Beach fun on scenic coasts*. 10. Romantic French Canada — *Gaspé Peninsula, Sea-sculptured Percé Rock*.

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refunded on return of shoes
within two weeks after pur-
chase. Guarantee does not
apply when corrective shoes
are required.

against the appointment of Philip Jessup, and
TIME magazine for its journalistic judgment
and discernment in publicizing the incident...

While I deplore McCarthyism, we must
give him credit for giving the Jessups, Latti-
mores and Achesons the limelight and an op-
portunity of exposing themselves, perhaps not
as Communists, but for certain as mere
second-guessers in a game that may well be
the life and death of the whole free world.

How wrong can you be and still hold your
job or seek one as an "expert"?

PETER PELLEGRINO

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Footnote to the Affair

Sir:

Congratulations on TIME's Oct. 29 cover,
and on the excellent article dealing with Gra-
ham Greene, his life, his thinking and his
writing.

It is indeed encouraging to find a magazine
of your standing devoting such thorough cov-
erage to the work of a man who merits seri-
ous consideration in a world that often for-
gets it has a soul.

Your decision to feature Greene so fully
was remarkably in contrast to the wholly
inadequate and unrealistic job done by some
of the New York dailies. You were right.

DESMOND SLATTERY

New York City

Sir:

Your cover caption was distasteful. Adul-
tery does not lead to sainthood; adultery
leads to "hellhood." Why advertise a wrong
implication? It seems to me that the charac-
ter in Novelist Greene's book [*The End of the Affair*]
achieved sainthood in spite of,
rather than because of, adultery.

ALLEN O. JERNIGAN

Baton Rouge, La.

☐ And so it seemed to TIME too.—ED.

Sir:

There is much to be commended in your
treatment of Graham Greene, but there are
two things that I definitely object to: the
caption under the cover portrait... and the
mention of Greene's remark that he had been
up all night drinking with his priest.

LEON GILBERT JR.

Washington, D.C.

Drunkards, Lampposts, Tories

Sir:

The young English Tory, David Eccles,
may, as TIME [Oct. 22] says, have "a gift
for the happy phrase," but the particular
phrase⁹ you quote shows not a gift but a
tendency to borrow.

It was coined by the scholar and poet A. E.
Housman in 1903 when, in the preface to his
edition of the [Roman poet and] astronomer
Manilius, he described critics of a certain
type, as "... gentlemen who use manu-
scripts as drunkards use lampposts—not to
light them on their way but to dissimulate
their instability."

You will notice how much pithier and
indeed how much more apt Housman's origi-
nal is than Mr. Eccles' imitation.

GILBERT HIGHT

Columbia University

New York City

Deadly Bore?

Sir:

Tut! Tut! and shame for Collier's for its
frightening, war-scare article, "Preview of
the War We Do Not Want" [TIME, Oct. 29]

* Said Eccles: "I have been against the wage
freeze. Bad chancellors resort to it as drunk-
ards cling to lampposts, not to light them-
selves on their way but to conceal their own
instability."

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for all the family



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GLENN MCCARTHY, President
M. JACK FERRELL, Executive Manager

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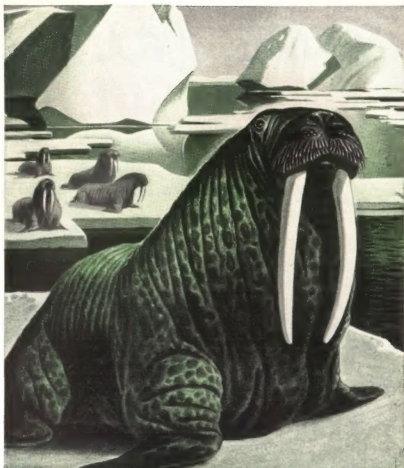
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IN CANS



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... These jittery publications have no business in scaring our bewildered teen-agers and the rest of us.

H. M. MUNGER II
Dallas

Sir: What in the name of God has happened to the intelligence of men in this country who have been known in many circles as having much intelligence? After reading *Collier's* preview of World War III, I could have vomited at the lack of taste, the presence of fear, the idiosyncrasy of fantastic imaginations of men who, up to now, had rated considerably higher in my esteem...

R. SWAIN
Los Angeles

Sir: "Many a reader was sure to feel that *Collier's* pat, 'inevitable' outcome of the war made 'Eggnog' somewhat hard to swallow." And many a reader was sure to feel that the whole thing was a deadly bore and impossible to read or swallow. I yawned...

O. W. RAVENSCROFT
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

First in Asia

Sir: Your Oct. 15 statement that the American Academy of Asian Studies in San Francisco was "the first graduate school in the U.S. devoted solely to the study of the Orient" is very far from the fact. The Asia Institute's School of Asian Studies, opened nearly 15 years ago, is devoted solely to Asian subjects. It is a degree-granting institution for graduate study, has three times as many on its teaching staff, offers four times as many courses, and has back of it 21 years of internationally recognized achievement...

C. SUYDAM CUTTING
Chairman of the Board of Trustees
The Asia Institute
New York City

Roach at the Reins

Sir: I read with disgust Hal Roach Jr.'s assessment of American intelligence. He makes a bald statement that the average televiewer has an even lower I.Q. than the moviegoer [TIME, Oct. 29]. It seems to me that he indicts himself and his staff. I take it Mr. Roach and his kind will continue to press the national I.Q. still lower, to satisfy a sponsor's demand.

When will these men realize that they hold the reins on our small fry's intelligence for a good two to three hours each day with the palaver they grind out?...

RUSS LOWMY
Chicago

Envy to the Vatican

Sir: I have to congratulate TIME, Oct. 29 on its unpretentiously unbiased handling of the "Undiplomatic Appointment." Nevertheless, I am stunned at the relative stupidity of many high Protestants today. It would appear they think that if the U.S. were to send an ambassador to the Vatican, we must end our "separation of church and state." I suppose that, in line with this thinking, the King of England is going to turn over the British Isles and the Church of England, of which he is the head, to the Vatican, since England has a minister there. Or, perhaps, all the mosques in Egypt will be converted to Catholic churches since Egypt has a minister at the Vatican...

FRANK M. COVEY JR.
Chicago

Sir: There is already far too much bigotry and bitterness on both sides between Protestants

TIME, NOVEMBER 19, 1951

New Models in Pork Chops

If you were to design a pig, you'd probably start with some *well-streaked* bacon, surround it with *tender* chops and *meaty* roasts, and append a couple of hams—ones that would fit nicely in an apartment-size oven.

These specifications are ones that customers, by their preferences and purchases, pass along to meat packers. Meat packers pass them along to the farmers who raise the pigs.

And the farmers give ear! Throughout the corn country the stylish stout that could once be counted on to cop the blue ribbons gradually is taking a back seat to the more streamlined pig of tomorrow.

Through selective breeding and balanced feeding, farmers are getting pigs that put on more pounds of meat in less time and put it on in the right places. And many farmers are getting them to market at the tender age of six months instead of the usual year.

All of which adds up to this: When it comes to meat, the lady with the market basket finally calls the turn.

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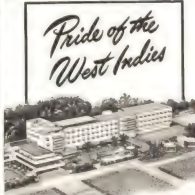


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J. Leslie Kincaid, President

and Roman Catholics in the U.S., and President Truman has therefore done his country a grave disservice in aggravating and intensifying that bigotry, and in giving powerful new stimulus to the bitterness, by his appointment of an ambassador to the Pope . . .

WILLIAM B. LIPPARD

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir:

As a Roman Catholic I should rather regret the appointment of an ambassador to the Holy See, in view of the bitterness that would be engendered in many quarters . . . As an American, however, I feel that a representative at this center of world influence would be a great advantage to my country, and I am sure that the President had nothing else in mind when suggesting it . . .

C. P. KNIGHTS

San Francisco

Sir:

. . . [It's] a cheap political trick to garner the Catholic vote . . .

WALTER B. ALFORD

Darby, Pa.

Sir:

President Truman's pastor opposed the appointment of General Clark because it violated the principle of separation of church and state. He went on to say he advised the President against the move, both as a friend and as his pastor. Does not that advice, as a pastor, constitute a real violation of the separation of church and state? Or are only the Baptists allowed to run the state?

R. C. HAUCK

Harrisburg, Pa.

Light & Fast

Sir:

Speaking as a lay enthusiast, the "big, blue-and-gold racer owned by Murrell Belanger" [TIME, Oct. 29] was really one of the lightest cars in the U.S. "big car" season. It was referred to as "little" by Lee Wallard after he had won the Indianapolis race in it, and if a couple of men (larger than average) wished to crowd their forms into its single seat, they would have to shove, rather.

In other words, compared, say, to a Chevrolet roadster, the current Indianapolis or Grand Prix Formula 1 racing cars are "little" automobiles . . . But the "big" racing car romantic legend dies hard.

WILDER HOBSON

New York City

The McCarthy Story (Cont'd)

Sir:

Please accept my sincere congratulation on your splendid article on Joe McCarthy in TIME, Oct. 22.

Why can't people see that McCarthyism can snowball until Joe becomes Adolf and our right to dissent is lost?

The great Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote: "Adulteration of intellectual material is as harmful socially as adulteration of food is physiologically."

(REV.) H. RICHARD RASMUSSEN
University Presbyterian Church
West Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

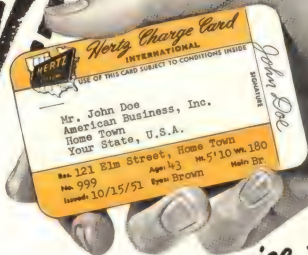
I believe all your readers would like to know, as I would, what the score is on your correspondence on the McCarthy article.

FRANKLIN FISHER

Auburn, Me.

Of 386 letters received on the McCarthy story, 177 disliked Senator McCarthy, 146 liked him. The 63 others commented generally on the story and McCarthyism, without taking sides. Ed.

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The World's Largest Hotel Takes a Great New Name!



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AS A TRIBUTE to the inspiration, vision and leadership of Conrad Hilton, as President of the Hilton Hotels Corporation, the Board of Directors has elected to change the name of this famous hotel from The Stevens to The Conrad Hilton.

In addition to being the world's

largest hotel, The Conrad Hilton, overlooking Lake Michigan, becomes heir to the reputation of "the world's friendliest." For two decades it has been the scene of numerous events of nationwide importance.

The Conrad Hilton is convenient to all of Chicago. Here are over 3000

guest rooms, the Grand Ballroom which seats 3000 persons, and the famed Boulevard Room with fabulous Ice Shows. Here also is a staff of 2000 - anxious to make your stay at The Conrad Hilton the highlight of your next Chicago visit.



TIME, NOVEMBER 19, 1951



"Vision is Indispensable to Progress"

What happens when scientific mysteries go to college?

Many a puzzling scientific problem is being unraveled in the laboratories of America's colleges and universities. Far-sighted industries, seeking basic scientific information, participate in supporting these academic activities.

Today, in every state of the union, scientists in 282 universities and colleges, large and small, are working on basic science projects ranging from the development of a billion-volt synchrotron to the analysis of citrus waste from which vitamin compounds may be extracted.

Research professors, fellows and students in chemistry, engineering and physics employ elaborate techniques, complex equipment and vast libraries in unending basic

research applicable to fields such as foods, drugs, petroleum, rubber and countless others.

Laboratory work is advancing the frontiers of scientific knowledge in many unusual directions . . . the effect of light-absorbing filters . . . defrosting with high-frequency heat . . . tree-ring research to determine rainfall cycles. Findings are made available to industry through published reports.

Industry often uses these scien-

tific facts in producing new or improved products. The fundamental research conducted by educational institutions and by industry is a vital national asset which has contributed immeasurably to the growth of America.

In its pure and applied research programs, America is again proving the value of free private management and academic freedom which encourage ideas, ingenuity and the exploration of new untrodden fields.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK 15, N. Y.

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



The illustration is a black and white woodcut-style drawing. On the left, a group of Pilgrims, including a man with a beard and a woman in a bonnet, are seated at a wooden table with simple food. On the right, a modern family—a man in a suit, a woman, and a young boy—is seated at a table laden with a large turkey, various side dishes, and glasses. The background shows a window with curtains. The title 'Thanksgiving' is at the top, and the Republic Steel logo and address are at the bottom.

Thanksgiving

The Pilgrims of 1621...they had so little
Yet they heard it in their hearts
To give Thanks for what they had.

We Americans of 1951...we have so much
We, too give Thanks for what we have.

* * *

We have Freedom...

God's richest gift
And today
The lingering hope
Of the oppressed
In other lands.
For that Freedom
We give thanks.

We have Courage...

To defend the
Cause of Freedom
"With our lives
Our fortunes and
Our sacred honor."
For that Courage
We give thanks.

We have Memories...

We do not forget
American bravery
And sacrifice at
Valley Forge
Tripoli
The Alamo
Gettysburg
San Juan Hill
The Argonne
Normandy Beaches
Iwo Jima
And Korea.
For those Memories
We give thanks.

We have Faith...

In God
In Nations
In Man
And in ourselves.
For that Faith
We give thanks.

We have Hope...

That all Peoples
Of God's world
Will be united
In everlasting Peace.
For that Hope
We give thanks.

We have the Bell...

The Liberty Bell
Whose inspiring
Chimes now echo
On foreign shores
And whose
Song of Freedom
Is drowning out
The bloody dirge
Of communism.
For that Bell
We give thanks.

We have Unity...

Though we may
Disagree
Among ourselves,
At any real threat
To our Freedom
A united America
Rises in her might.
For that Unity
We give thanks.

We have Wisdom...

To know that
There are many
Enemies at home
Who seek
Stealthily to
Take our Freedoms
From us.
From our children
And our children's
Children.
For that Wisdom
We give thanks.

And so we pray:

Give to us all
The strength
To keep Freedom
At home...
To spread Freedom
Abroad...
To pass Freedom
On to the
Next generation
And to unborn
Generations
In a world
At peace.

REPUBLIC STEEL

Republic Building, Cleveland 1, Ohio



For a full color reprint of this advertisement,
write Dept. E, Republic Steel, Cleveland 1, Ohio



It Takes 500 Tons of Equipment for Just One Telephone Exchange

Five hundred tons of equipment and 62,000 man-hours of work are needed to install just one 10,000-line Dial Telephone Exchange.

Here's the story of months of work condensed into two minutes of reading time. (Bear with us, please, if several of the words get technical.)

There are 1800 crossbar switches, 4000 multi-contact relays and 65,000 conventional relays. These automatic switching mechanisms open or close millions of telephone circuit paths.

Eighty miles of cable are needed to connect all this apparatus. There are 2,600,000 soldered connections, each one a careful hand operation.

All that is for only one Telephone Exchange to serve one community. At present-day prices, the cost runs to \$1,500,000.

The money for these new facilities must come largely from investors who are willing to put their savings in the business.

Only through reasonable earnings can the telephone company attract the new money that is needed to do the job.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Offer to the World

"We make this proposal because it is the right thing to do," said the President of the U.S. "We are not making it in any sudden spirit of optimism. We are not making it as a last gesture of despair. We are making it because we share, with all the members of the United Nations, the responsibility of trying to bring about conditions which will assure international peace."

Under the glare of television lights, Harry Truman was speaking to the nation and over its head to the U.N. Assembly meeting in Paris about the West's "fresh approach" for disarmament. Conceived ten months ago by the State Department for presentation to the U.N.'s Paris meeting, the U.S. plan had been endorsed and adopted by France and Britain.

"This Is Our Hope." The Western Big Three Powers proposed:

❶ An inventory of all armed forces and armament, the inventory to be made in each country by U.N. inspectors who are nationals of other countries.

❷ The inventory would be conducted by stages, "disclosing the least vital information first and then proceeding to more sensitive areas."

❸ To prevent treachery, the inspection would be a continuing one—"It cannot be a one-shot affair." Atomic weapons would presumably be counted last. "Such weapons would ultimately be prohibited and atomic energy controlled under the provisions of the United Nations plan," said Truman.

The U.S. would support that plan (although the Russians have repeatedly rejected it) until a better one was devised. When the census was complete, formulas could be devised to reduce armaments. "It might be possible," suggested Truman, "to agree that each country would have armed forces proportionate to its population, with a ceiling beyond which no country could go. Furthermore, each country might be limited to using no more than a fixed portion of its national production for military purposes."

The three Western powers asked that discussion begin at once, made it clear that no final agreement could be reached until Communist aggression ceased in Korea. But, Truman insisted, "It can be done. And if it is done, think what a prospect would open up for the future of mankind . . . There would be greater freedom,



Associated Press
RUSSIA'S VISHINSKY
For a vision, a sneer.

greater production, greater enjoyment of the fruits of peaceful industry. Through the United Nations we could wage the only kind of war we seek—the war against want and human misery. In the lifetime of our own generation, we could bring about the greatest period of progress for the world in all recorded history. This is our vision. This is our hope."

Man Who Laughs. The Russians promptly reacted, with a sneer from Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky. He laughed (*see INTERNATIONAL*).

To Russian charges that the U.S. was arming for war, the U.S. had retorted that it was arming only because it had to. Last week's offer was to quit arming—if the Russians would quit too. By his retort, Vishinsky proved, if it needed proving again, that U.S. rearmament is not a matter of choice but of harsh necessity.

In a sense, President Truman's offer had the defect of all proposals for disarmament or arms limitation: it attacked the symptom rather than the disease. Yet in an atomic age, any fundamental plan for international security is bound to include arms limitation and international inspection.

By their cynical rejection of the U.S. plan, the Russians handed the democratic world a propaganda victory.

THE PRESIDENCY

Face to Face

The Little White House at Key West announced last week that Winston Churchill would visit Harry Truman* in Washington early next year. The initiative for the meeting came from Churchill. Truman aides indicated that their boss was willing but not eager to see the Prime Minister.

Idling Time

Harry Truman, wan and weary, throttled his calendar back to idling speed last week as the hour grew closer for his departure for Key West, Fla. and five weeks' vacation. He delivered his speech on world disarmament before the television cameras, bade formal farewell to India's Ambassador Madame Pandit (who is going home to stand for Parliament), and rambled and reminisced his way through three days' worth of pleasant ceremonial chores.

For the ladies of his Advisory Committee on Women in the Services, he recited still another grandmother story. "My red-haired grandmother, on one occasion, routed a whole band of Indians by herself and two great big shepherd dogs," said he. "The women of this day & age have that same spirit." For the National Cartoonists Association, he debunked the old legend of George Washington's throwing a silver dollar across the Potomac. "It was a Spanish piece of eight," said Historian Truman, "and it was thrown across the Rappahannock . . . Any ten-year-old boy could throw a dime across at that place. But I am doubtful that Washington, with his acquisitive habits, would ever let loose of a Spanish piece of eight."

On the first day of his vacation, he was up for an 8 o'clock take-off, landed in Key West at noon in disappointingly chilly weather. He was understandably hard put to muster a quip when the White House correspondents (who had flown down just ahead of the *Independence*) met him dressed up in Confederate caps and handle-bar mustaches, making painful fun of his recent spate of grandmother stories. He rushed through the handshaking ceremonies with Navy and civilian brass, then disappeared gratefully behind the "Sorry, No Visitors" sign at the naval base. Right after lunch, he turned in for a nap, slept all afternoon.

Next morning, the President downed a

* Their three previous meetings: Potsdam in 1945, Fulton, Mo. in 1946, Blair House in 1949.

breakfast of grapefruit, a four-minute egg, toast & coffee, put on two shirts (wool over cotton) and, despite chilly weather, hiked along the Key West sea wall before the town was awake. The drizzle ruled out his swim at Truman Beach, but he spent the morning indoors beside the phonograph, listening to Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, Chopin's *Polonaise* and Brahms's *Symphony No. 1*.

At week's end, the temperature remembered its manners, warmed up to the 80s. Harry Truman plunged in for his first swim (in 73° water), came out with the first sign of his old bounce that the reporters had seen for days.

The Inside Story

Before General Eisenhower took off from Paris for the U.S., the New York *Times*'s Washington bureau chief, Arthur Krock, had an inside prediction for his readers. "The American people may as well brace themselves for the heaviest deluge yet of dope stories about [Eisenhower's] political intentions and future," he wrote. "Nor will there be lacking the 'inside story' with details and quotes to force the conclusion that the narrator was under the bed all the time."

Last week, as Ike flew back to Paris, it was Krock himself who furnished the "inside story" that stirred up the greatest amount of controversy. Harry Truman, said Krock, offered Ike the Democratic nomination for President in 1952. Ike didn't flatly say no, but he implied as much by declaring he could never run on the Fair Deal domestic platform.

Old Campaign. The offer climaxed a long campaign by certain Democrats to capture Ike from the Republicans. Krock went on. One Democratic emissary had gone to Paris within the last five weeks to promise Ike the unanimous endorsement of the Democratic Convention if he would accept. Ike's quoted reply was: "You can't join a party just to run for office. What reason have you to think I have ever been a Democrat?"

Krock had a shocker for the Republicans, too. "Intimates of the general" say that Ike plans to talk with Bob Taft before the convention to see whether they can't reach a middle-of-the-road agreement on their differences. (Biggest difference: aid to Europe.) If they agree, then Ike might support Taft as the nominee.

Whodunit? The whole story gave Washington the political shakes. Harry Truman virtually called Krock a liar. Said Truman: "There's not a word of truth in it—that's my only comment." Snapped a spokesman at Ike's headquarters: "purely fictional." Krock stuck by his guns and identified his source as an "eminent Northern Democrat" who is "thoroughly reliable and informed."

Some suspected that the description might fit Harry Truman, in spite of all the denials. Truman admires and trusts Krock, and might conceivably be trying—out the back door—to persuade his party to drop the Fair Deal in exchange for a candidate who could win and who could



Michael Rougier—LIFE
CORRESPONDENT KROCK
Under the bed.

heal the split with the Southern Democrats. Next-ranking suspect was Democratic Elder Statesman Bernard Baruch, who dined with Krock at Washington's Carlton Hotel just before he went across the street to visit Ike at the Statler. Baruch categorically denied all.

Gentleman Amateur. Taft supporters were exultant at Krock's hint that Ike might back their man, declared that Taft and Eisenhower were actually close on foreign policy and Ike would wind up "in Taft's corner." On the Democratic side, word got around Washington that Harry Truman was saying privately that Ike was a real gentleman and a great man—but the President hoped Ike wouldn't run be-

cause he is an amateur politician and look what happened to Amateurs Herbert Hoover and Henry Wallace.

The Ike-for-President Republicans, with most at stake, went so far as to suggest that Krock had fallen into a Taft ambush. They put their faith in Ike's words at his final press conference. "If I have friends that have been my friends so long they believe they know how I would act and react under given situations," said Ike, "that's their own business, and I have never attempted to interfere with any man exercising his own privileges as an American citizen." He strongly implied that he would never announce his own politics or his intentions as long as he was commander of SHAPE. "If the time ever comes," he added, "when I feel that my duty compels me to say a word of any kind, I will say it . . . and it will be stated positively and definitely."

Un-hunh, Un-hunh. Energetic Ikeman Jim Duff of Pennsylvania had another card in the hole that he kept face down. During the Eisenhower visit, both he and New York's Governor Tom Dewey had talked to Ike by telephone from a Manhattan hotel suite. Neither would say what was said (an observer at Ike's end reported that the general said mostly "un-hunh, un-hunh"), but Dewey and Duff felt sufficiently confident to give marching orders to scores of G.O.P. bigwigs and littlewigs who trooped in & out of their suite for 36 hours. Then Duff hopped off to beat the drums in Texas and Louisiana, behaving for all the world like a man who is busting with a secret he can't quite say out loud.

At week's end, the gale of speculation set up by Ike's visit and Krock's column was still blowing. It was a good thing that Krock, in advance, had warned the American people to brace themselves.

POLITICAL NOTES

Rightly Correct

Robert Taft's younger brother is in no sense a little brother. Tall (6 ft. 1 in.), broad-shouldered, handsome, Charles P. Taft has a public-service record that shines by its own light. He was a leader in the movement that brought the council-manager form of government to Cincinnati, and kept it operating efficiently. For 10 years, he served as a city councilman.

Charlie Taft, a devout Episcopalian, has been president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and a leader in Y.M.C.A. work. His interest in social welfare led him to accept several jobs in the New Deal, although he always remained a Republican in national politics.

Last spring he began eyeing the Ohio governorship. Since then he has made speeches in 81 of the state's 88 counties. Apparently pleased with the way he was received, Charlie Taft last week announced that he will seek the Republican nomination for governor.

Because of his liberal record, some party regulars fumed. Ed Schorr, Ohio G.O.P.



Associated Press
CANDIDATE TAFT
In the limelight.

leader, is supporting lackluster State Senator Roscoe Walcott. Some of Bob Taft's friends say brother Charlie's candidacy will hurt their man's chances.

Though the brothers Taft have often differed, brother Charlie misses no opportunity to applaud brother Bob. (In 1940 Charles Taft masterminded the campaign which almost won Bob the presidential nomination.) Bob seems content to leave Charlie out of the limelight. Bob's Republican orthodoxy recently moved him to say that if Senator Joe McCarthy is nominated for re-election he would support him, but underlined: "I never take sides in a Republican primary." At the news of brother Charlie's intentions, he maintained his frigidly correct attitude. Said he: "I'm not going to take any part in the primary campaign, either on behalf of or against my brother."

Speedup

California's smiling Earl Warren had his 1952 political schedule all drawn up. He would announce in March whether he would be a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. That arrangement would allow him to study the Eisenhower question thoroughly, and still leave time to lead a liberal Republican movement against Ohio's Bob Taft. Last week Governor Warren was getting ready to tear up the schedule. Seventeen other key Republicans in the state, including Senators Knowland and Nixon, urged him to announce that he will run. Their private reasoning: something has to be done quickly to stop the Taft bandwagon in California.

1,727 Counties Heard From

Pollster George Gallup asked for the presidential choices of 2,774 G.O.P. county chairmen. Of the 1,727 who replied, 1,027 favored Ohio's Senator Robert A. Taft. General Dwight Eisenhower ran a poor second with 375. This was in sharp contrast to the most recent Gallup poll of general public sentiment, which showed Ike running first among Republican and Democratic voters, with Harry Truman second, MacArthur third and Taft fourth (TIME, Nov. 12). A majority of the G.O.P. county chairmen now for Taft said that they do not think Ike will be a candidate. The 1,727 also had something to say about the best argument Republicans can use in the 1952 campaign. Corruption in the Federal Government, said 873; Government extravagance, said 720. Others mentioned: high taxes, the Korean war mess, foreign policy failures, the welfare state, Communism in the Government.

ELECTIONS

Blips

As U.S. citizens went to the polls last week to vote in local elections, prognosticators sat with eyes focused on their political radar screens. They were watching eagerly for telltale blips which would indicate a national trend.

One of the few clear blips came from

Indiana. There, Republicans made "Trumanism" an issue in municipal elections. Senator William E. Jenner cried that a vote for a Democratic mayor is a vote for the Truman Administration, for "Communists high in the State Department . . . crime and corruption in the Internal Revenue Bureau . . . creeping decay in every department of our national life." Result: Republicans won 73 of 103 Indiana cities, a gain of 25. In Indianapolis, Phillip L. Bayt, probably the best mayor in the city's history, was turned out by a Republican. Dozens of voters told Bayt they thought he was a fine mayor, but they wouldn't support "Trumanism."

In New York City, Rudolph Halley, former Kefauver committee counsel, proved again that the once fearsome Tammany tiger is just a tired, sick old cat. Registration was low and the voting turnout was worse, conditions under which



WINNER HALLEY
Eyes on a chair.

any vigorous political machine should be able to count on victory. But not Tammany: it went down before a television hero. During the Kefauver hearings, Halley had become as familiar to millions of televisioners as Hopalong Cassidy. As the Liberal-City Fusion-Independent candidate for council president, he was elected handily, and now his eyes seem intent on the mayor's chair in 1954.

In Boston, ex-Convict James Michael Curley, former mayor, Congressman and governor, made a halfhearted effort to come back to another term as mayor. Respected Mayor John B. Hynes buried Curley under the biggest plurality in the history of Boston mayoralty elections. Candidates of the New Boston Committee, a nonpartisan reform organization, won five of nine seats on the city council, four of five on the school committee.

In Philadelphia, thousands of Republican voters helped elect the first Demo-

cratic mayor in 67 years. In a kind of deathbed repentance, the once-invincible Republican machine had nominated the Rev. Daniel Poling, a famed Baptist clergyman, for the mayoralty. He was decisively beaten by Joseph S. Clark Jr., Richardson Dilworth, spearhead of the Democratic uprising, who was defeated for mayor four years ago after a vigorous campaign, was elected district attorney.

What it all seemed to add up to was that big-city political machines were still on the downgrade—and the warm wind of change was in the air.

The Bluecoats' Revenge

The police of suburban Yonkers, N.Y. (pop. 152,533) normally hand out an average of 82 traffic tickets a day. But last week, before the election, the cops eased off until the daily total dropped to a soothing average of only 27. There was a reason: the cops were hoping that the townspeople would vote them \$500-a-year salary increases. The voters turned them down. On the following day, things were different: Yonkers' policemen issued an all-time record of 458 traffic summonses. The next day they plastered Yonkers' cars with 525. The day after that, despite howls of protest, indignant editorials and black looks from every motorist, they handed out 520. At week's end, heartened perhaps by the news that cops in Bridgeport, Conn. were doing the same thing, they were still "enforcing the laws" with relentless and stony-faced glee.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Spoilsman's Threat

Commissioner of Internal Revenue John B. Dunlap has been criticized for not housecleaning his bureau briskly enough. On the other hand, Tennessee's ancient (82) Senator Kenneth McKellar thinks that in at least one case, Dunlap moved too fast. The case is that of Lipe Henslee, suspended from his job as Tennessee collector of internal revenue after the Federal Bureau of Narcotics officially reported that he is a dope addict. Henslee is an important wheel in McKellar's organization and since McKellar is up for reelection next year, the Senator was grieved over Henslee's suspension. Dunlap went to McKellar's office to explain his action. The crusty old spoilsman swept aside the Narcotics Bureau report, quavering, "Papers, just papers." Then he bellowed at Dunlap, "You're not fit to hold public office," and for half an hour berated him with a steady stream of vituperation heard plainly by passers-by in the corridor outside. "You are the most despicable man I ever met," he yelled. "You are a filthy, dirty liar and crook. I'm going to run you out of Washington if it's the last thing I ever do. You are crucifying an innocent man."

Brandishing his cane, McKellar thundered, "I'm going to beat the tar out of you." Dunlap, 48, retorted, "If you were 40 years younger, I'd knock your teeth down your throat," and walked out of McKellar's office unbeaten, unharmed.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Old-Shoe Diplomacy

In his first fortnight as U.S. Ambassador to India, ex-Admiral Chester Bowles gave signs of being a revolution in diplomacy and a revelation to New Delhi. He got off to an auspicious start by forgetting to pack his striped pants and morning coat. For the formal presentation of his credentials to India's President Rajendra Prasad, Bowles borrowed a pair of suspenders from his public-affairs officer, and a morning coat (too tight) and striped trousers (too big) from the Italian ambassador.

New Delhi was fascinated by a western diplomat with so little regard for pomp and circumstance. Reporters thronged Bowles's first press conference, came away impressed with his smooth answers to touchy questions. Do Americans want war? "The average American," said Bowles, "is no more a warmonger than the average Indian." What did he have to say about lynchings in the U.S.? "This terrible heritage is being rapidly liquidated . . . but we are a long way from being perfect."

The rest of the Bowles family joined in the comfortable, old-shoe diplomacy. They moved into a small, three-bedroom bungalow instead of the mansion-sized Embassy (mostly because the residence was being divided up into apartments for staffers). At their buffet dinner for the staff, they broke precedent by inviting the lowliest Indian employees. Mrs. Bowles, at first overwhelmed by the idea of ten servants, took to calling them by name, grimly began studying "Hindi in Thirty Days." The three Bowles children astounded New Delhi citizenry by pedaling their own bicycles to a public school held in a tent, where they are the only white pupils.

Even the anti-American newspapers were impressed. The Lucknow *National Herald* appraised Bowles as "an American transcending inhibitions of a mere ambassador." New Delhi's *Indian News Chronicle* editorialized: "Expectations of better Indo-American understanding . . . seem to be well justified." There was no guarantee that winning friends would influence Pandit Nehru's bewildering brand of isolationism, but there was much to be said for finding out.

MOBILIZATION

Boiler Trouble

Before World War I, Sir Edward Grey, Britain's Foreign Secretary, remarked to Winston Churchill that the U.S. was like "a gigantic boiler; once the fire is lighted under it, there is no limit to the power it can produce." Right after Korea, the U.S. thought it lit a fire. The boiler, however, was a lot slower to heat than it used to be. Last week, nearly 17 months after the invasion, the fires still smoked and sputtered, the boiler bubbled weakly, and the instruments of war were still coming out in a thin trickle.

Grimmest example is aircraft. This year, the U.S. planned to produce 4,500 planes; it will actually produce only 3,800.



Mr. Byarowalia—Black Star
AMBASSADOR BOWLES & INDIA'S PRESIDENT
"The average American is no more a warmonger than the average Indian."

The planes being delivered now were ordered almost two years ago.

Main cause of the delay: weapons have become vastly more complicated and expensive. Many cost ten times what they did in 1944, some cost 40 times more. Almost all take longer to make.

Pumps & Gremlins. Other delaying factors include a machine-tool shortage and strikes. Since Korea, the workers in 21 major defense plants have walked off the job. At the Colorado Springs Commanders' Conference, Air Force Chief Hoyt Vandenberg said the strikes have set the long-range program back a full year.

More than the usual number of time-consuming bugs have cropped up in air-plane production. At one factory making jet fighters, about 100 planes are ready for delivery as soon as faulty compressor pumps can be replaced. The Boeing B-47 stratojet bomber, plagued with bugs since the first day it flew, is now having trouble with fuel tanks and landing gear.

Last summer, many Air Force planes began having trouble with their fuel and oil hoses. In dives and steep banks, clamps on the hoses snapped. The trouble was finally traced to a tiny screw that was threaded at something like a 40° instead of a 30° angle. Six dies turned out the screws, and one of the dies was faulty. The Air Force had to ground most of its jet fighters until testing machines methodically examined every screw in every bin in every aircraft plant. No one can estimate how many thousands of man-hours were wasted because of that one 10° mistake.

Sabres & MIGs. There have also been the usual design problems. The Air Force doesn't want to jell its designs for mass production until it is sure they are equal to the job. F-86 Sabre jet pilots back

from Korea say they need more powerful engines to conquer the Russian MIGs; other pilots say that the after burners on newer jets have not added the expected speed, must be re-designed. F-86 production is shamefully low. It could be three times higher, the Air Force says, if the U.S. hadn't deliberately spent its time & money helping Canadian production get started.

All this adds up to the fact that the U.S. is already six months behind, and schedules have had to be rewritten to fit the new, discouraging facts. The present Air Force goal is 138 groups by 1954. It will be 1955, says Harold R. Boyer, new chairman of the Aircraft Production Board, before they can take the air, 1956 at the earliest before the U.S. can have the 163 groups the Air Force says it needs.

ARMED FORCES

No Time to Retire

Last summer, a 52-year-old Navy captain decided, after 20 years of service, to go back to civilian life. He asked to be retired. The Navy approved, then yanked a 58-year-old reserve commander out of civilian life to fill his job. Boiling mad, the reservist went to see his Congressman, Pennsylvania's James E. Van Zandt, a naval reserve captain himself. He found a ready audience. Van Zandt and many other Congressmen had decided that too many able, relatively young officers were retiring.

Lieut. General Elwood ("Pete") Quessa, one of the Air Force's top tactical experts, retired at 47 without explanation. Rear Admiral Alvin D. Chandler left the Navy at 49 to become president of the College of William & Mary. Air Force Brigadier General Horace A. Shepard, a brilliant aeronautical engineer, had resigned at 38 to take a better-paying job.

When the 1952 appropriations bill came up, Van Zandt tacked on a rider: No money was to be used for retirement pay for officers who left before they reached the compulsory retirement age (60 for officers up to brigadier general, 62 for major generals, 64 for above major general). An officer could retire on three-quarters pay before his time only if he had a physical disability or if the Secretary of Defense considered it for the good of the service or a case of personal hardship.

The new law had the Pentagon in an uproar. There was an old and cherished custom that an admiral or general could retire to pasture after completing his tour as a top dog of his service, even though he was under the age for compulsory retirement.* The new law, the

* Notable exceptions: Admiral Claude C. Bloch, who at 61, stepped down from his four-star job as chief of the U.S. Fleet to serve as a two-star admiral under his former subordinate, Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, at Pearl Harbor; General Frank M. Andrews, who dropped from major general to a colonelcy after a four-year tour of staff duty at Air Force headquarters in 1930, stayed on, and became a lieutenant general in 1941, two years before his death in a plane crash.

Pentagon argued, would also keep around a lot of dead wood—colonels and brigadier generals with no chance of advancement.

Last week Congress' action was getting results. The Pentagon reported that "many officers who had applied for retirements have now withdrawn their applications."

CALIFORNIA

The Prisoner's Song

As he discussed his troubles in a Santa Barbara jail cell last week, Dr. Gwynne Nettler, 38, moodily laid them to the difficulty of "seeing a channel . . . and moving upwards." He had been able to see a channel clearly when he was getting his Ph.D. in sociology and psychology at Stanford, he said, and when he was teaching at the University of Washington. But when he came to Santa Barbara College (enrollment 1,634) four years ago, he began to "realize I wasn't growing."

Nettler gloomily recalled having been "trapped" before—as a student at U.C.L.A., as a riveter, as principal of a depression-era relief night school. At Santa Barbara, however, he tried new ways to grow. He began going out nights and burglarizing big homes, specializing in rugs, lamps and other bric-a-brac. Last year he also settled down to an adventure in extramarital living with a San Francisco divorcee named Francine Schaefer.

The professor was a wonderful burglar, but he and Francine got to fighting over such issues as who would pay the \$150-a-month rent on their off-campus love nest. She spitefully threatened to expose his criminal career. Last July she even browbeat him into signing a confession. He sat down and typed out a list of his burglaries, blaming them on "neurotic individualism." Francine gave the confession to a Santa Barbara detective, who just as obediently kept a promise not to read it until she gave the word.

Last week Francine called the police station, complained that the doctor had been punching her around, and gave the go-ahead signal. The bluecoats opened the confession, stared at it with gaping jaws, and then took off after the doc like Keystone Cops after a pie-thrower.

Caught sunning himself at the beach, Nettler stonily denied all. Was he not a criminologist himself? Had he not delivered a lecture on "crime & punishment" only six days before to an overflow audience, and hammered home the need for a "moral community"? Indeed he had. Nevertheless, after three days of denials, he confessed, resigned from the college, and settled down in jail to read Henry Miller's *Sunday After the War*.

"None of us know really what or who we are," he said, "but I believe that my burglaries were merely compensation for an ego deficiency . . . I still don't know myself well enough to say. Who does really know himself?" As for Francine, Nettler was broadminded. "She has her own conflict," he said. "She's got talent. But she's all mixed up."

LABOR

The C.I.O. of 1951

In appearance and manner, the 600 seate delegates who moved into New York's Commodore Hotel last week might have been members of the Cost Accountants Association. They were, in fact, the full-time, salaried union officers of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, on hand for their 13th convention. In earlier years, C.I.O. conventions sometimes left a trail of broken chairs, smashed ash trays, torn tablecloths and echoes of roaring battles on the convention floor. But now the hairlines were drawing back, the waistlines were pushing forward and the blood was cooler.

This was a placid gathering. The biggest issue that might have thrown it into turmoil was deferred when 65-year-old Phil Murray, recovered from an almost fatal illness, agreed to carry on as C.I.O. president. He was unanimously re-elected for

his twelfth term. Nominating Murray, bearded Jacob S. Potosky, president of the Clothing Workers, called him "not only a labor leader but a leader of mankind." To take some of the load off Murray, Organization Director Allan Haywood was named to the new position of executive vice president.

That left just two important issues. One was restricted, the other so wide that it could affect every citizen of the U.S.

Scramble for 800,000. C.I.O. unions have been fighting each other in plant elections. As a result, they have lost some members to a "no union" vote or to the A.F.L. This tussling became a major problem after the C.I.O. in 1949 expelled eleven Communist-dominated unions. Other C.I.O. unions began to scramble for the 800,000 thus cut adrift. United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther and President James B. Carey of the International Union of Electrical Workers have been feuding bitterly over 30,000 former



SHEPHERD

TOP MAN OF THE MARINES

Nominated by President Truman to be Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps: Lieut. General Lemuel Cornick Shepherd Jr.

Born: February 10, 1896, in Norfolk, Va., only son (two sisters) of Lemuel C. Shepherd, a physician. His mother was Emma Lucretia Cartwright of Nantucket.

Education: Public schools in Norfolk; U.S. Military Institute.

Family: Married Dec. 30, 1922 to Virginia Tunstall Driver, a strikingly handsome woman. Three children: two sons, Lemuel III, 26, and Wilson, 23, both Marine lieutenants, and both married this year to naval officers' daughters. One daughter, Virginia, 22, also married this year, to a Marine captain, her father's aide.

Appearance: Brawny (5 ft. 9 in., about 160 lbs.), hard-eyed, balding, a trim, athletic, professional soldier.

Tastes: Rolls his own cigarettes, likes bourbon (two drinks), underwater spear fishing, fox-hunting and polo.

Early Career: Made up his mind to be a soldier when he was in short pants. Graduated from V.M.I. a 2nd lieutenant in 1917, led a platoon, then a company of the 5th Marines at Belleau Wood and St. Mihiel, came out with three wounds and a reputation for tenacity and courage (D.S.C., Navy Cross, two Silver Stars, *Croix de Guerre*). Returned from occupation duty in 1919 marked out for command, put in the standard series of tours prescribed for rising young officers: aide to the commandant, to President Harding, sea duty, foreign duty (China and Haiti), staff schools, C.O. of the President's guard at Warm Springs, Ga.

World War II: Was a hard combat leader in the South Pacific. As a colonel training the 9th Regiment, he kept up a relentless pace (often 18 hours a day); his insistence on perfection earned him the nickname, "Combat Ready." Every new marine got a talk from the C.O. Subjects: duty, self-discipline, religion (he is a devout Episcopalian). Became a brigadier general in 1943, then led the Cape Gloucester operation at New Britain. On Guam, his 1st Provisional Marine Brigade led one of the beachhead assaults; on Okinawa, Major General Shepherd led his 6th Marine Division to its objective early, wheeled, and lent a much-needed hand in the bitter street fighting for Naha, the capital city. In World War II he picked up two D.S.M.s, two Legions of Merit and a fourth Purple Heart.

Postwar: Spent four years as C.O. first at the Amphibious Training School at Little Creek, Va., then at the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, Va. In 1947 was called to Washington, in line for the job of Commandant with his friend, Clifton Cates. Cates, also the possessor of a topflight record, got the four stars on seniority. Shepherd, said the President, would have another crack at it. Shepherd became boss of the Fleet Marine Force in the Pacific in June 1950. Old-line Marine officers consider him a "schools" man, versatile, able, grimly serious, obsessed with combat training. "Life under General Shepherd," said a Marine officer last week, "is going to be very uncomplicated. All he's going to stress is combat readiness—today, tomorrow, next year, and four years from now."

members of the expelled United Electrical Workers Union. Last July, the problem was sharply illustrated when three C.I.O. unions, chemical, electrical and oil, battled for the right to organize employees of the National Carbon Co. in Cleveland. As a result of this row, the workers voted "no union." The C.I.O. executive board drew up a plan under which the national organization or an arbitrator will assign disputed plants to one union or another, forbid rivals from campaigning against the chosen union in plant elections.

Some delegates objected to a provision that the national C.I.O. should consider geographic area in deciding a dispute. That would be like assigning all C.I.O. members in Detroit to the U.A.W. and all in Pittsburgh to Murray's steelworkers, they said. Nevertheless, the plan, which sacrifices the principle of plant self-determination to the principle of unity, was quietly approved by the convention without a dissenting vote.

Is Anybody Listening? The wider issue, the question of wage stabilization, was not so easily settled. The Truman Administra-

tion exercise self-restraint, just as I said to business they must exercise self-restraint—and I don't have too much success there, either."

It was soon apparent that the Administration line was not a success with the C.I.O. The Textile Workers President Emil Rieve, who is a member of the Wage Stabilization Board, expressed the sentiments of many delegates. "The employer gets two shots against our one," he said. "By that I mean that when the worker goes out on strike, and if that strike is lost, the employer defeats the workers, and that is the end of the story. But if the workers go out on strike and they win it their victory cannot be enjoyed by them. They must go to the board . . . and there the employer comes around once again and . . . requests the board not to approve that agreement because it is inflationary."

The convention's wage resolution and the speeches boiled down to a C.I.O. policy of demanding less flexibility for prices, more flexibility for wage increases. Phil Murray gave the issue a practical turn. His steelworkers union, he said, expects to

RACES

The Negro Moves

The Negro's flight from the South is quickening.

Between 1940 and 1950, according to U.S. Census Bureau figures released last week, seven Southern states lost an overall total of 249,360 Negroes, while their white population increased by 2,046,511. Georgia lost 21,440, Alabama 1,621, Mississippi 86,984, Arkansas 55,300, Oklahoma 31,410, Texas 41,279, Kentucky 11,326.

Where had the Negroes moved? Some had moved to booming Florida, whose Negro population increased 89,830. But most had moved North.

Last week's figures showed that the tide of Negro migration to the North, begun just after the Civil War, had swelled to a record crest during World War II and the postwar boom. "Non-white" population in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania rose by 558,135. In industrial Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, non-whites increased by 599,417. And in 1940-1950, a new magnet had appeared—California, where non-



CAREY



REUTHER



MURRAY



POTOFSKY



Werner Wolff—Black Star
HAYWOOD

The hairlines were receding, the wage line was advancing.

tion sent in a team of speechmakers to urge the C.I.O. to take it easy on the wage front. Truman opened the discussion in his message to the convention. "We must get our own defense production program rolling in high gear," he said, "and we must find the way to do this without bringing on renewed inflation . . . It means restrained and responsible actions by businessmen, farmers—and workers, too . . ." Later, after a \$15-a-plate roast beef dinner, Price Stabilizer Mike DiSalle had his try. The delegates obviously weren't interested in what he had to say. They chatted among themselves and paid so little attention that, at one point, DiSalle broke into his prepared speech and asked them to listen.

The Transport Workers' bellicose Mike Quill finally quieted the crowd when he rose and threatened to throw out of the dining room the next "guest of the banquet" who uttered a sound. DiSalle then went on to say that "in an inflationary defense economy, the strong unions must be careful they do not improve their members' standards of living at the expense of other workers." Economic Stabilizer Eric Johnston tried, too: "You in labor must

"exercise its ordinary way of doing business" when it negotiates with the steel industry later this month. He made it clear that he will not settle for a 4¢-an-hour raise, the maximum allowed by the Wage Stabilization Board yardstick.

The U.A.W.'s Emil Mazey, a longtime Socialist, was warmly congratulated by national C.I.O. leaders for a speech in which he denounced both Eisenhower and Truman. Actually, the C.I.O. bosses expect Truman to run and they expect to support him, but between now and the summer of 1952 they look forward to a lot of jockeying and bargaining which will include more pressure on the buckling wage-stabilization front.

Cease-Fire

After 25 days of a confused strike, New York longshoremen last week glumly went back to work the clogged docks. The strikers, broke and hungry, agreed to work while a state fact-finding board investigates the revolt within the International Longshoremen's Association (A.F.L.) which touched off the costliest strike in the port's history.

white population swelled by 328,376 in the decade.

In 1910, 88.7% of all U.S. Negroes lived in the South. In 1950, only 68% did. But even in the industrial states where the immigration has been heaviest, Negroes comprise only about 7% of the total population, as opposed to 21.6% in the South (down from 23.8 in 1940).

Outside the South, the Negro still meets with discrimination; his lot in Harlem, Chicago's South Side or Detroit's East Side is in many respects worse than that from which he fled. Yet few return. And the slow spreading and thinning out of the Negro population throughout the nation is a major factor in his growing acceptance as a full citizen.

The Sheriff Shoots

People in Florida's Lake County were still sore about those two colored boys, Sam Shepherd and his buddy Walter Irvin. Two years ago, a 17-year-old white housewife swore that they and two other Negroes had kidnapped her and raped her in the back seat of their Mercury. A Lake County jury at Tavares had convicted

them, and they were sentenced to the electric chair. But lawyers hired by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. This spring the Supreme Court had reversed the Lake County court and ordered a new trial, because only white men were on the jury and because of newspaper-inflamed prejudice in the community, e.g., mobs shot up Negro houses in the county just before the trial. "One of the best examples of one of the worst menaces to American justice," Justice Robert Jackson called it.

On a Lonely Road. Last week Lake County Sheriff Willis McCall drove over to Raiford State Prison to pick up the boys and bring them back to Tavares for a hearing before the new trial. It was dark when Sheriff McCall and his deputy, James Yates, left the prison with the boys handcuffed together in the front seat. They drove to Weirsdale, where Deputy Yates picked up his own car and went on ahead—to look for lynchers' roadblocks, McCall explained later. Then, said McCall, a tire went flat. He got out to fix it. When McCall opened the car door to let Shepherd out, said McCall, the prisoner suddenly smashed at his head with the sheriff's flashlight and yelled to Irvin to get his gun. The sheriff pulled out his revolver, and shot each prisoner three times. Then he radioed Yates to come back, and called a doctor. When the doctor got there, Sammy Shepherd was dead.

But Walter Irvin was not dead. In the hospital, his neck and chest bandaged, a rubber tube in one nostril, Walter Irvin told a different story: "The sheriff and the deputy began talking on the radio a little bit. [The sheriff] told him to go ahead and check and so the deputy sheriff went on a short ways in front of us and says, 'O.K.' . . . The sheriff began to shimmy his wheel and said, 'Something is wrong with my left front tire.'"

Irvin said the sheriff reached under the seat for his flashlight, got out and kicked the front wheel. "Then he said, 'You sons of bitches get out and get this tire fixed' . . . So Shepherd, he takes his foot and put it out of the car and was getting out. I can't say just how quick it was, but he shot him. It was quick enough, and he turned, the sheriff did, and he has a pistol and he shot him right quick. . . . That left [Sammy] against the face of the car and then he shot me. He reached and grabbed me and snatched me, and Sammy, too. He snatched both of us and then threw both of us on the ground."

Who Lied? "Then I didn't say anything. I didn't say nothing. So later he snatched us, he shot me again in the shoulder, and still I didn't say anything at all, all that time. And I knew I was not dead . . .

"In about ten minutes the deputy sheriff was there . . . And the deputy he shined the light in my face and he said to the sheriff, 'That son of a bitch is not dead,' and then he said, 'Let's kill him.' The deputy sheriff then pointed the pistol on me and pulled the trigger, snapped the



Associated Press
QUEEN DAVIS & CAPTAIN STUDLEY
One was a symbol.

trigger, and the gun did not shoot. He took it around to the car lights and looked in it and shined the light on it. He turned it on me again and pulled it and that time it fired. It went through me here [indicating his neck] and then I began to bleed out of my mouth and nose . . . I did not say anything and did not let them know I was not dead. And some people came . . ."

U.S. Attorney General Howard McGrath sent FBI men to make an on-the-spot investigation to find out whether McCall's version or Irvin's was true. At week's end, a coroner's jury upheld Sheriff McCall, finding that he had fired in

self-defense, and a state investigator displayed powder burns on McCall's coat sleeve which showed, he said, that McCall's arm was doubled up, indicating that there had been a struggle. But the FBI continued its own investigation.

In Paris, Russia's Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky quickly incorporated Sammy Shepherd and Walter Irvin into his speech to the U.N. Assembly. "This is human rights in the U.S.A.," he cried triumphantly. The U.S., whose constitutional processes had protected the civil rights of Walter Irvin through tedious and careful procedures unknown to Vishinsky's masters, would want a good and careful answer for Vishinsky's taunt.

The Students Pick

The Alpha Kappa girls at the University of Illinois almost decided against nominating a candidate for Homecoming Queen, the highest student social honor. "Why waste our time?" was their argument. Alpha Kappa is a Negro sorority.

Hope, however, prevailed, and Alpha Kappa nominated Clarice Clotilde Davis. Clarice won, the first Negro girl to receive this honor at a predominantly white U.S. university.* Said she: "I know that it won't be me standing there. It is a symbol of something we've always worked for . . . Our school has had the reputation of being the most prejudiced of all the Big Ten schools. Now all these impressions are broken, I'm thrilled." Last week at Homecoming, Clarice was crowned by Charles Studley, captain of Illinois' topflight football team. Said she: "Maybe some voted for me because I was just Clarice. I hope so."

* In 1949, Montreal's McGill University elected Beryl Dickinson-Dash, a Negro, its winter carnival queen.



Associated Press
SHEPHERD & IRVIN (AFTER SHOOTING)
One was not dead.

NEWS IN PICTURES



WINTER WHITE HOUSE, onetime quarters of Key West's naval commandant, now serves as base for Harry Truman's sport-shirted vacation operations.



"I LIKE IKE" carbob proclaims 1952 preference of receptionist and her boss, Pennsylvania's Senator Duff.



SUEZ CANAL, cutting 100 miles across flat, sun-baked Egyptian desert, is one of the hottest spots in feverish Moslem world. Some

40,000 workers on vital waterway have quit their jobs as part of Cairo extremists' attempt to oust British troops from canal zone.

Larry Burrows—UPI



"QUEEN CITY OF THE PACIFIC," just 100-years-young, Seattle (pop. 462,500) will stage year-long anniversary celebration. Hum-

ming with aircraft and metals industries, city is nearest to Korea of major U.S. ports. Looming in clouds 60 miles away: Mt. Rainier.



ENGINEERING PROJECT: Launching \$22,150,000 campaign for new Columbia University engineering center, Herbert Hoover made

common cause with four Nobel Prizewinners: Chemists Langmuir (1932) & Urey (1934), Physicists Rabi (1944) & Yukawa (1949).

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Trap Avoided

Cryptic rumbles from the stove-heated conference tent at Panmunjom had U.N. correspondents baffled—and, for that matter, just about everybody else. As far as the newsmen could make out from the word given by the briefing officer, the U.N. subcommittee and their Communist opposite numbers had almost agreed on item 2 of the agenda, the cease-fire line.^{*} There only remained to be settled, it seemed, the relatively minor question of who, if anybody, would hold Kaesong. What, then, was all the scuffling about in the conference tent? At week's end Vice Admiral Charles Turner Joy, chief of the U.N. truce delegation, boarded the press train parked at Munsan and explained to the puzzled newsmen, and suddenly everything was as clear as day.

Sarcastic Phrase. The U.N. team had discovered and avoided a neat Communist deadfall—rigged up by the Reds perhaps as long ago as last July, when the truce agenda was adopted. At that time the enemy had insisted that the cease-fire line be dealt with first. Hoping for a quick armistice, the U.N. had agreed. There followed months of bickering, deadlocks, interruptions, neutral zone problems and false Red accusations. Thus it seemed a U.N. triumph, and a hastening of peace, when the Reds gave up their insistence on the 38th parallel line, and accepted instead the present battle line. Some military bigwigs talked as if peace was just around the corner. But last week the Reds' seeming compliance with Matt Ridgway's demands was spotted as a trap which would bottle up U.N. military strength behind a fixed demarcation line, while the other agenda items were wrangled over endlessly.

The U.N. team had a sarcastic phrase for what the Reds were trying to get without paying for it: a "de facto cease-fire."

Parliamentary Point. Said Admiral Joy: "He [the enemy] wants all the advantages of a de facto cease-fire so that he can prolong the armistice negotiations without cost to himself. He wants immediate relief from our inexorable military pressure—the pressure which would be an 'incentive' to arrive quickly at agreement on other items."

Having discovered this, the U.N. took the obvious course of insisting that the demarcation line would not be finally fixed until the other agenda items had been negotiated and disposed of. The Reds screamed foul; the U.N. proposal, they said, was not "in accordance with the letter of the agenda." The Red charge was

true in a formal sense; item 2 should have been settled ahead of item 3. But the U.N. delegates, who consider themselves honest, hard-nosed military men and not tricky lawyers, were unmoved by the Red complaints. Said one delegate: "These people are still our enemies. We are not going to be trapped by a parliamentary point of order."

Belated but commendable vigilance had saved the U.N. from a possibly grave setback. But vigilance alone was not going to get peace in Korea; it remained to be seen whether steady military pressure, without a full-scale offensive, would do it.

THE AIR WAR

Weekend Warrior

After World War II, Albert C. Prendergast, a heavy-bomber pilot, went back to Dallas, to his insurance business and to his garden (he could make anything grow, his wife said). But on weekends, and whenever else he could, he headed for the airfield, flew long hours with a Dallas Air National Guard unit. When friends kidded him about being a weekend warrior, Prendergast, 34, would turn serious and say: "Weekend warriors are good fighting men and good citizens."

Last May, Texas' 136th Fighter-Bomber Wing, commanded by Colonel Prendergast, was ordered to Korea. It was the first Air National Guard unit of wing size to reach Korea, and it racked up a good combat record: 2 MIGs positive, 5 probable, 50 damaged.

Last week Colonel Prendergast climbed into his Thunderjet, took off on his 27th combat mission, a standard work-horse job—cutting enemy rail lines near Sinanju. Mission completed, he was leading his formation home when he got word that the landing field at Taegu was all but socked in by weather, and that several score orbiting planes were stacked up there waiting their turns to land. Prendergast led his men to another field, saw them head in safely, one by one, then started down himself. He was making his final approach when he ran out of fuel; he was too far from the field to belly-in. A wingman heard him say: "I've got to get out of this thing." He jumped, but he was too low. Within the hour his men found Good Citizen Prendergast shrouded in his partially opened chute.

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department reports 8,116 more U.S. battle casualties in Korea (including 1,248 killed in action) during the period from Oct. 5 to Nov. 2, bringing total U.S. battle casualties to 96,128. The breakdown:

DEAD	16,480
WOUNDED	68,611
MISSING	10,864
CAPTURED	173

THE ENEMY

Buildup in Siberia

Only two miles of sea separate the top of Japan from Soviet-held territory. Across this narrow, foggy stretch of water last week came sounds of detonations strong enough to make Japanese windowpanes rattle. The sounds might be either construction blasting or artillery practice. Off the coast of Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost island, searchlights from Russian submarines or patrol boats have been turned on the homes of the island's farmers from less than a mile offshore. Shipping between Vladivostok and Russian-occupied Sakhalin Island, which dangles like a knife over Hokkaido, is heavy.

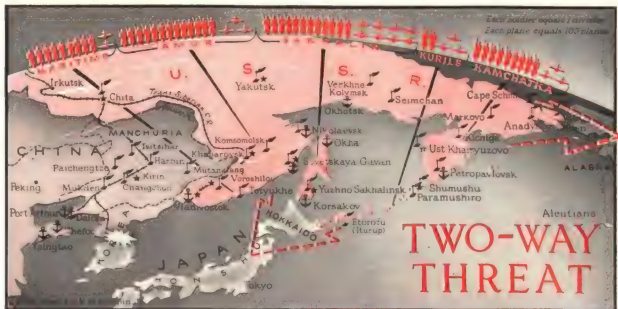
What was going on? For obvious reasons, U.S. Intelligence would make no public estimate of the situation. But the Japanese, old hands at spying on their Far Eastern neighbors, have lately been piecing information together—from agents, from returned Japanese P.W.s, occasionally even from clues dropped at safe parties by members of Tokyo's normally close-mouthed Soviet diplomatic mission itself. Gist of this information: the U.S.S.R. has assembled a massive military striking force in Siberia, trained and equipped for offensive operations. They might well be intended for use against Japan and, possibly, Alaska. Equally important, the Russians have been patching up their industrial weakness in this area by constructing a network of tank factories, airplane and locomotive plants, shipyards, steel mills and oil refineries. The threat hung heavily on U.S. military planners, who assume that not Korea, but Japan—with the greatest industrial plant in the Orient—is Russia's real goal in the Far East.

Massing of Power. The Japanese estimate the Soviet ground strength in the Far East at 40 divisions or more. On Chinese and Soviet territory the Russians have 27 major air bases and scores of airstrips, and eleven naval bases. Distribution of major units (see map):

RUSSIAN MARITIME PROVINCE: nine divisions (some of which are airborne), scattered along the wedge of Soviet territory north of Vladivostok, with a large airbase on the Sea of Japan at Tetyukhe (200 planes, mostly fighters). Russian Far Eastern naval forces have headquarters at Vladivostok, and the Soviet Fifth and Seventh Fleets (two 8,500-ton cruisers, 20 destroyers, at least 80 submarines) are based there. Booming Vladivostok supplies these formations with clothing, frozen foods, oil, steel and shipyards.

AMUR MILITARY ZONE, headquarters at Khabarovsk: 13 divisions (at least six airborne); 200 four-engined bombers based at Nikolaevsk, near the Amur River mouth; 100 navy attack planes based at Sovetskaya Gavan. Oil is refined at Komsomolsk (founded in 1932, present pop. 250,000), which also has large navy yards. Komsomolsk's huge Amursk mills roll

* Item 1 was the adoption of the agenda and the agreement to discuss it. Items 3, 4 and 5 concern supervision of arrangements after a truce is signed (TIME, Nov. 12), exchange of prisoners and recommendations (not binding) to the belligerent governments.



steel for modern submarines, destroyers and cruisers.

SAKHALIN ISLAND (wholly Russian since 1945, when Red troops under the Yalta agreement took over the Japanese southern half): twelve divisions (six infantry, two armored, four possibly under-strength airborne); headquarters of the Soviet Tenth Air Force, which probably has 800 planes on the island alone. The Russians recently completed a railroad running the full length of the island, are working day & night on concrete fortifications, hidden gun emplacements, airstrips, and armored-force maneuvering areas.

KURIL ISLANDS (also given to Russia at Yalta): two infantry divisions, one composed largely of interned Japanese soldiers, under Major General Ryuji Sejima, formerly a lieutenant colonel on the staff of Lieut. General Tomoyuki ("Tiger of Malaya") Yamashita. The Russians have also heavily reinforced the intricate underground airstrip and ground force installations on Shumushu, northernmost of the Kurils, which have 300 fighters and bombers. From the Kurils and Sakhalin, a steady stream of Red agents is pouring into Japan.

KAMCHATKA PENINSULA: nine divisions (two infantry, one marine, one paratroop, five airborne); 300 planes, naval units including a submarine flotilla at the major naval base of Petropavlovsk.

Japanese agents have also spotted the fingers of a fast-lengthening Russian rail and highway system, linking these troop dispositions and reaching toward the North Pacific shore. Partly completed: a northern trunk of the Trans-Siberian railway, from Lake Baikal eastward to the lower Amur River region. Under construction: a highway from the mid-Siberian maneuvering and training center of Yakutsk eastward toward Anadyr, near the tip of Siberia, facing Alaska; a railroad from Nikolaevsk to Kamchatka, circling the Sea of Okhotsk and making Japan's northern water flank in effect a Russian lake.

Tramping of Boots. Along these miles of roads the Japanese have heard ominous—and recent—eastward trappings of Russian military boots. Items:

¶ The Soviet Sixth Army has been shifted to Manchuria, with headquarters at Kirin. Former headquarters: far inland at Chita, east of the Lake Baikal region.

¶ The Soviet Seventeenth Army has been moved from the mainland to Ust Khair-yuzovo on the Kamchatka Peninsula.

¶ Russian garrisons at Anadyr and nearby Uelen have been beefed up heavily.

¶ The Soviet 7th Division has been ordered from the Moscow area to Siberia.

Is a Russian attack imminent? Neither U.S. military authorities nor the Japanese Foreign Office are ready to predict one. They know only that the capacity is there; Russia's intent they cannot judge. But, warns a Japanese observer: "Americans are convinced that the real danger from Russia is in Europe. Perhaps this is right—for the next few years. But the Russians are patient. Watch them carefully, or you may be felled in the East while you are watching the West."

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA Breakout

Pinned down in the Red River delta, General de Lattre de Tassigny dreamed of the day when he would launch a smash-out offensive against Viet Minh Communists. Last Saturday was the day.

In the tiny village of Tri Thon, a company of Communist soldiers, sleepily cooking their breakfast rice, suddenly found themselves surrounded by French commandos. In hand-to-hand fighting, knives flashing, 60 Communists were killed, the rest routed. In 80 other Viet Minh villages along a 14-mile front, the French surprise attack was equally effective.

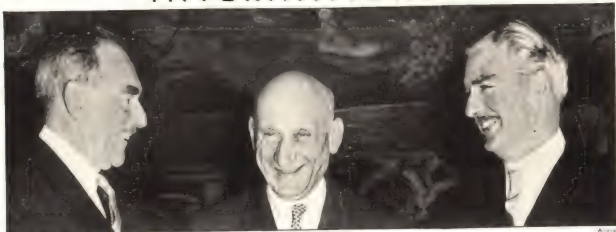
De Lattre's target was Communist stronghold Choben, lying in a gap between rugged, razorback mountain ranges 30

miles southwest of Hanoi, through which runs *Route Coloniale No. 21*. Slow-flying Junkers transports, trailing hooks, tore up Communist telephone lines, so that aid could not be summoned. Heavy artillery, brought up under cover of night to the base of the mountains, began hammering enemy strongpoints. Now, with roads and all vital bridges on the approaches to Choben in Commando hands, the French field commander, Three-Star General Gonzales de Linars, sent in tanks and infantry.

Down from the north came Task Force 1, commanded by the crack French horseman, Colonel Christian de la Croix de Castries. While the armor kept to the road, Moroccans, Foreign Legionnaires and Chasseurs flushed out the valley heights, routing one Communist headquarters. Up from the south came Task Force 2, commanded by handsome, music-loving Colonel Claude Clément. A regiment of Mungs (little mountain people from Hoa Binh country) and tough Vietnamese soldiers, wading neck-deep through rice paddies, cleaned up the river villages. Wherever organized opposition was encountered, spotter planes called in B-26s and Hellcats, directing their fire bombs. Meanwhile, Foreign Legion paratroopers, back in harness after dozen months of bunker building, chuted down into the hills south of Choben.

It was all over in 6½ hours. De Lattre had 1) cut the main Communist north-south communication line; 2) added 80 square miles to French Union control, including 30,000 acres of rice land; 3) plugged a hole through which rice had been leaking out of the delta into Viet Minh country. More important than the strategic gain was the fillip to Vietnamese morale and French pride in showing what they could do with the right weapons. There were still vast areas to be retaken from the well-organized Communist guerrillas, but De Lattre could exult: "From now on, the initiative is mine."

INTERNATIONAL



THE BIG THREE'S ACHESON, SCHUMAN & EDEN
Vishinsky couldn't sleep.

UNITED NATIONS

The Snickerers

In the red and gold theater of Paris' Palais de Chaillot, Russia laughed a laugh that was heard around the world.

"I could hardly sleep all last night," Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky told the U.N. General Assembly. "I could not sleep because I kept laughing." He bent his white-thatched terrier's head over a typed manuscript, then looked up with a sharp-toothed grin. "Really, even from this rostrum . . . I cannot restrain my laughter." There were a few appreciative giggles from Reds in the galleries, but otherwise Vishinsky laughed alone as he gave Russia's answer to the West's disarmament proposals (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

The Word Unspoken. The Western plan was presented to the 60 nations of the U.N. with flourishes—in a formal American-British-French resolution, in a speech by President Truman from Washington, and finally in a cool, point-by-point Assembly address by U.S. Secretary of State Acheson.

"The Soviet Union has talked a great deal about peace, but when it comes to achieving peace through deeds . . . they obstruct," said Acheson. "They call for a new five-power pact but refuse to carry out our 60-power peace pact, the U.N. Charter." If Russia really wants peace, said Acheson, she had only to say the word, and "the fighting could end in Korea . . . But has it been spoken?"

The Dead Mouse. Bounding to the stand about three hours after Dean Acheson had spoken, Vishinsky carried a made-in-Moscow speech into which he had scratched hasty insertions to rebut the U.S.

It was not quite the same old Vishinsky, the corrosive purveyor of wild saws and ancient instances—he was slower and less certain of himself, and his wit was chillier. But it was the same old Soviet line, with a few new twists to adjust to

the passage of a year. For disarmament, Vishinsky wanted a world disarmament conference, to sit by next June; for Korea, he insisted on a truce at the 38th parallel and an evacuation of all foreign troops; for the benefit of Communism, he wanted the U.N. to condemn and outlaw the West's North Atlantic defense organization; for the record, he wanted it understood that the same old Wall Street imperialists and Washington warmongers were responsible for the world's ills. As for the West's plan: "The mountain . . . gave birth to a mouse . . . a dead mouse."

The Corridor Echo. The West's response was quick and cold. "The most impressive point, as far as I am concerned," said Dean Acheson, "is Mr. Vishinsky's statement that facts are stubborn things, because he wrestled with facts for two hours and lost."

But in all the clamor, the noise that hurt Russia most came from Andrei Vishinsky himself. "His laugh," wrote the *New York Times's* Anne O'Hare McCormick, "may have done more to undermine Russian peace propaganda than a whole battery of counterpropaganda . . . For nothing he said or will say to the assembled nations is so revealing and reverberating as that laugh. It goes echoing through the corridors of the U.N. . . . like the snicker of an evil spirit. Perhaps it will echo down the corridors of time. Lesser things than a laugh at the hopes and fears of humanity have brought down empires and dethroned tyrants."

NATO

Polyglot Army

After nine months of meetings behind closed doors, during which even the parliaments of the six nations involved didn't know what was going on, the French Foreign Ministry last week announced the tentative size and shape of the new European army. It had been a French idea in the first place; unwilling to let the Germans have an army of their own, the

French had proposed, and Britain and the U.S. somewhat reluctantly accepted, the notion of a multilingual, continental army, to serve alongside U.S. and British troops in SHAPE. By the end of 1953, said the French last week, this Army will have some 1,000,000 men. About half, or 500,000 of them, will be organized into combat divisions, the rest will be service and support troops. The divisional breakdown: 14 French, 12 German, 12 Italian, and five from Benelux (Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg).

All of Germany's troops would be part of this international army, but France proposes to keep out six of her own divisions, principally for use in Indo-China. Each division will be composed of officers and men from one nation only. Internationalism will begin at the corps level. Running the whole show will be a European army headquarters, responsible to Dwight Eisenhower's SHAPE staff on the same level as NATO's separate British and American army components. European divisions will number only 13,000 men, instead of 18,000 as in a U.S. division. This satisfies a French desire to keep German units small; it is also argued that smaller divisions are better suited to European conditions.

Militarily, such a machine, though cumbersome, should work (in Korea, 17 nations are welded together without too much trouble). The big obstacle lies in deciding how and by whom this new army should be financed and equipped, a problem which is sure to bog down in wrangling assemblies, difficult currency barriers and widely variant tax systems.

Political direction of the army, as now proposed, will probably lead to as much international squabbling as its financing. It will presumably rest with a cumbersome combination of high commission, general assembly and council of ministers. If, as its backers hope, the European army is to be the strong first move towards unifying Europe politically, the tail will have to wag the dog mightily to do so.

FOREIGN NEWS

WESTERN EUROPE

The Common Ruin

At the Lord Mayor's 450th annual banquet in London, Winston Churchill—so recently and so irresponsibly denounced by Laborites as a warmonger—last week pleaded for peace. It was one of his most eloquent speeches in years. His eyes rested on the empty space in the 15th Century Guildhall where twin statues of Gog and Magog* stood glaring at each other until German bombs destroyed them in December 1940. Then, in resonant tones, Winston Churchill spoke,

"I am so glad, my Lord Mayor, that you have decided to replace Gog and Magog. It seems to me that they represent none too badly the present state of world politics. I think there is room for both Gog and Magog. But be careful, my Lord Mayor, to keep them from colliding, for, if that happens, both would be smashed to atoms and we should have to begin all over again—from the bottom of the pit."

The Dear Wish. "Let me tell you what the materials [of Gog and Magog] are. They are vast masses of warmhearted, hard-working human beings wanting to do their best for their country and their neighbors and longing to build their homes and bring up their children in peace, freedom and the hope of better times. That is

* In British legend, the brothers Gog and Magog were the quarrelsome last survivors of a race of giants, forced to serve as porters at the gates of the old palace on the site of the Guildhall. In the Bible (*Revelation 20*), they symbolize the enemies of the Kingdom of God. The Jews applied the name Magog to the unknown northern tribes beyond the Caucasus—probably the Russians, as Churchill implied.

all they ask of their rulers. That is the dear wish in the hearts of all the peoples of mankind. How easy it ought to be, with modern science standing on tiptoe ready to open the doors of a golden age, to grant them this humble, modest desire.

"But then there came along all these tribes of nationalists, ideologues, revolutionaries and class warfare experts with their nasty regimentation of academic doctrinaires, striving night & day to work [the people] up against one another so that the homes, instead of being built, are bombed, and the breadwinner is killed, and the broken housewife left to pick up the surviving children, maimed and scorched, out of the ashes . . ."

Across the Gulf. "What is the world scene as presented to us today? Mighty forces armed with fearful weapons are baying at one another across a gulf which neither wishes and both fear to cross, but into which they may tumble and drag each other to their common ruin. On the one side stand all the armies of Soviet Russia and their Communist satellites, agents and devotees. On the other are the Western democracies, with their far superior resources, at present only partly organized, gathering together around the U.S. Now there is no doubt on which side we stand . . ."

"I feel deep gratitude towards our great American allies. They have risen to the leadership of the world without any other ambition but to serve its highest causes faithfully. I am anxious that Britain should also play her full part, and, gathering all her Commonwealth around her, present a revival of her former influence and initiative among the allied powers."

Help Wanted

By midsummer 1950, five years and eight billion ECA dollars after V-J day, Western Europe was nicely back on its feet. Its industrial production was higher than in 1938. Then came Korea. Prodded by the U.S., Europe grudgingly agreed to rearm. U.S. arms production got going first, though slowly (see *NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), and in the worldwide inflation that followed, Europe's convalescing economy suffered a setback. Last week, in two countries, it was in perilous condition.

No More Steak-Hunting. The worst case was Britain's. Short of coal, food and labor, Britain is going broke at the rate of \$2 billion annually. In the House of Commons last week, Tory R. A. ("Rab") Butler, in his maiden speech as Chancellor of the Exchequer, grimly announced that in October alone Britain's dollar deficit was \$320 million; additionally, Britain owes its continental neighbors some \$500 million.* The sterling area's gold reserve (down to an approximate \$2.8 billion) is dwindling faster than ever before. "If we do not . . . correct the disparity between

what we earn and what we buy," warned Butler, "we shall [become] bankrupt, idle and hungry."

He ticked off some of the causes underlying Britain's postwar crisis:

¶ With an arms budget of \$13 billion spread over three years, Britain is putting more coal, steel and manpower into defense than any other European country.

¶ Imports of raw materials and food are costing Britain 40% more than they did before Korea; the prices of her exports are up only 25%. Uneven worldwide inflation means that Britain must exchange almost twice as many automobiles and tweeds as she did for the same amount of wheat and wool she bought a year ago.

¶ Britain is not producing enough coal and steel to supply both her export industries and the rearmament drive. Once the world's largest coal exporter, she is now carrying coals to Newcastle, and this winter will again import coal from the U.S. The rest of Europe, deprived of the coal Britain once exported, is also forced to spend precious dollars on U.S. coal. British steel production is higher than in 1938, yet a crippling steel shortage threatens.

Asked Chancellor Butler: "How are we to get out of this?" His remedy sounded much like those of his Socialist predecessors, Cripps and Gaitskell: more austerity. Imports will be slashed \$1 billion, partly by reducing purchases of canned meats, sugar products and fruits in Europe, paring another 2¢ off the tiny meat ration (total: two small chops weekly), buying less butter, bacon and cheese. The dreary British menu will be thinner and less nourishing than it was after Dunkirk. British tourists will find it more difficult to take steak-hunting vacations on the Continent: their annual foreign travel al-



GOG
Room for both . . .



MAGOG
. . . but keep them from colliding.

* Britain's debt to the U.S. in postwar loans: \$4.4 billion.

lowance will be decreased to \$140 apiece. There will be fewer housing starts; government stockpiling of strategic materials will be slowed down. To counter inflation, Butler plans to reduce the amount of money in circulation—by hiking interest rates, imposing a stiff excess-profits tax.

It was a grim program, certain to make the new government unpopular during the cold, hungry winter ahead. But even the optimists knew that grim-&-bear-it austerity was not enough to save Britain from economic disaster. Glumly, the British treasury announced that it would ask to be let back into the Marshall Plan, which it had so proudly left last January. Probable initial request: \$300 million. Churchill would undoubtedly be asking for help when he makes his projected personal call on Harry Truman.

Too Many Tax Dodgers. France, which grows most of its own food, is less hungry than Britain but is also close to bankruptcy. French dollar reserves are down to \$230 million, which is \$30 million less than one U.S. company (General Motors) has in its reserves. The 2.3 billion U.S. dollars pumped into France since 1948 has been, in effect, drained off at the other end by the Indo-China war, which has cost France over \$2.5 billion.

At \$2.1 billion, France's rearmament budget for 1951 is much smaller than Britain's, but its inflationary impact on French living standards may be even more disastrous. Meat, milk, fuel and cigarette prices are running hot-wild. French workers grumble bitterly that "the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer." They have a point. France's small capitalists, Europe's most expert tax dodgers, dislike U.S. capitalism's system of sharing higher profits with its workmen in the shape of better wages and cheaper goods. They prefer to grab all they can, as fast as they can.

Last week, France's trade deficit with the U.S. rose to \$184 million. Finance Minister René Mayer made a desperate move to balance incomes and expenditures. Following Britain's lead, he proposed to slash French imports by 25%. Such a cut—if it could be maintained—would wipe out most of France's dollar deficit. But its most serious effect would be to jeopardize French rearmament, for it would deprive arms plants of U.S. coal, oil, cotton, nonferrous metals and machinery. Committed to the rearmament of Western Europe, the U.S. could not allow this to happen. France, like Britain, would have to have more U.S. aid.

GREAT BRITAIN

His Majesty's Loyal Opposition

Britain's highest distinction short of a knighthood is the Order of Merit (O.M.). Only 24 living persons may hold it. A reward for exceptional services in the arts, literature & science, its holders include Poet T. S. Eliot, Painter Augustus John, Composer Vaughan Williams, and one honorary member—Dwight Eisenhower.

Lately, the O.M. has served a new pur-

pose: to reward outgoing Prime Ministers who don't want a peerage which would raise them to the lofty but ineffectual House of Lords. Winston Churchill got his O.M. following his party's defeat at the polls in 1945. Last week, in recognition of eleven years of continuous public office (from the time he became Lord Privy Seal in Churchill's wartime coalition cabinet), Labor's Clement Attlee received from King George VI the red and blue enamel cross of the O.M. Like Churchill, who might have become a duke, Attlee turned down an earldom, to stay in the House of Commons as Leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Churchill joined in the cheering.

Back in his old place as Leader of the Opposition for the first time since 1949, Clement Attlee, O.M., listened as Mr.



Alfred Eisenstadt—LIFE
RAB BUTLER

Remedy: smaller chops & more dollars.

Speaker read the King's Speech outlining the Tory government's new policy.

"One of the thinnest Speeches from the Throne I have ever heard," he said, to the delight of Labor's backbenchers. The rest of his remarks were devoted to sprightly tilts at the Tories, enjoyed by both sides of the House. "The Opposition will be vigilant but not factious," he added, more seriously. "We shall not oppose merely for the sake of opposition." Whether his pledge would be honored by Labor's loud little band of left-wingers, led by Rebel Nye Bevan, remained to be seen.

Certainly partisanship was not dead. The weekly *Spectator* held a competition for political "ruthless rhymes," and reported that many of the entries, while clever, were unprintable. Sample of the printable sort:

*The other evening just at seven
I drove my Bentley into Bevan;
Although I felt I was a sinner,
I really did enjoy my dinner.*

FRANCE

Nobel Prizewinner

In the years before World War I, Léon Jouhaux, radical young secretary general of France's labor federation (C.G.T.), raised the hair of his countrymen by plunging Paris into darkness, freezing the railroads and docks, introducing the quickie strike (*grève éclair*) and the slowdown (*grève perlée*). A red-hot anarcho-syndicalist risen from the factories, Jouhaux liked to boast that if war came, labor in all Europe would quench it by a general strike. But when war came, Jouhaux was a Frenchman after all. ("Heinous traitor," shrieked Lenin.)

After the war, Jouhaux helped found the International Labor Organization at the Paris peace conference. In the '30s, he and his C.G.T. were a linchpin of the Socialist *Front Populaire*; fighting Franco, Laval and Hitler, he worked alongside the Communists. The Germans interned him in a castle in Bavaria during World War II. When he returned, he found that the Communists had moved into the C.G.T. like moths. He had to accept a Communist as "co-secretary general." For a time Jouhaux put up with the comrades, but by the end of 1947, he saw that he was simply being used as a respectable front. Reluctantly, he and his non-Communist colleagues pulled out of the powerful C.G.T., which he had headed for 38 years. They set up the *Force Ouvrière*, with Jouhaux as president, as an actively anti-Communist trade union movement.

Bulky and slow-moving, Jouhaux, an architect turned respectable, at 72 sits nowadays at official functions fourth from the President of France. Last week the Grand Old Man of European Labor was awarded the 1951 Nobel Peace Prize (\$32,400). In selecting its man of 1951, Norway's Nobel committee passed over Norway's own Trygve Lie, India's Pandit Nehru and Britain's Sir Hartley Shawcross. It was a surprise choice, and not a universally applauded one. Said Jouhaux: "It is not Léon Jouhaux who is being honored; it is the working class, which has always striven for peace."

GERMANY

A Question of Sincerity

It was all very polite. "Highly esteemed President," wrote East German Boss Wilhelm Pieck last week to spy old Theodor Heuss of West Germany. "I approach you at a time of great import . . . I propose . . . a meeting to discuss how the road can be smoothed for the convening of all-German consultations to bring about the peaceful reunification of Germany . . ."

Far from smoothing the road, of course, Moscow's orders to Stogee Pieck were to roll huge stones in the way, unless the West accepted the East's unacceptable terms. President Heuss replied, not quite so gently. "The sincerity of your proposal is questionable." That Heuss could answer so quickly and firmly was a sign that West Germans had come to see the Red proposal

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Montesquieu *on the nature of liberty*

ARTIST: EDWIN LAFAY

Political liberty does not consist in an unlimited freedom. . . . We must have continually present to our minds the difference between independence and liberty. Liberty is a right of doing whatever the laws permit, and if a citizen could do what they forbid he would be no longer possessed of liberty, because all his fellow-citizens would have the same power.

(The Spirit of Laws, 1748)



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THE FREDDY McEVAYS
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for what it is: a bogus offer of unity, subject to Russian conditions, and designed solely to disrupt West German rearmament. West Germans, most of whom really do want a unified Germany, were looking to Paris instead. There the U.S., Britain and France, supported by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, asked for a U.N. commission to determine whether free elections are possible in East Germany.

MOROCCO

Death of a Playboy

At the Stork Club, in Paris, on the Riviera and in London's West End, everybody who was anybody knew Freddy McEvoy. Born to obscurity, the tall, handsome, 44-year-old Australian had the gift of making friends, news, money, and marrying heiresses. His feats of derring-do on the high seas, in the game-filled jungles of Africa and on the icy ski runs of Switzerland gave the international set a vicarious sense of adventure, and earned him the nickname Suicide Freddy. His zesty approach to business matters—he launched the fashion of flowered shirts for men by selling his own right off his back to an Argentine millionaire for \$2,000—made him several fortunes. His careless gallantry in the drawing room earned him the undying affection of many, including his first wife, Standard Oil Heiress Beatrice ("Bea") Benjamin, who, even after she divorced him in 1942, refused to revoke a trust fund she had settled on Freddy.

When rollicking Errol Flynn was haled into court in 1943 on charges of statutory rape, Freddy McEvoy stood by to say it wasn't so; Errol was acquitted. When in 1949 Freddy married his third wife, pretty French Model Claude Stephanie, 26, in Miami, Errol stood up as best man.

Last week, heeding the call of the western sun and the social season at Nassau, Freddy and Claude boarded their 104-ton

auxiliary schooner *Kangaroo* in Tangier and set sail for the Bahamas. A strong southwest gale was rising as the vessel rounded Cape Cantin off the Moroccan coast. The wind, heavy laden with desert sand, seized the yacht, drove it inshore and dashed it on the reefs. A surging wave flung a steward overboard to his death. Another knocked Claude's French maid Cécile to the deck. McEvoy's crewmen picked her up and lashed her to a mast for safety, but a moment later the wind tore her loose, and she was washed away.

All night long the furies of wind and sea pounded the yacht while Claude clung desperately to a spar. Before dawn the ship's cook went mad and drowned himself. At daybreak three sailors had succeeded in swimming ashore. The last aboard the yacht, Freddy and Claude, both good swimmers, finally decided to chance it. Side by side they dived into the water. Freddy was within two yards of the beach when he looked back and saw his pretty wife in trouble. While Morocco tribesmen shouted from the beach, the playboy-millionaire turned seaward once again. The effort was too much. Just as he reached his wife, Freddy's strength gave out. A great wave engulfed and drowned them both.

IRAN

After Mossadeh, Who?

Fifteen times during the past three weeks, Assistant Secretary of State George McGhee set out on a little ritual. He would proceed to the suite of Iran's Premier Mohammed Mossadeh, enter, sit down by the Premier's bedside, talk for an hour or two, then depart.

Whether the setting was Washington, New York or Teheran, the Walter Reed Hospital or the Shoreham Hotel, whether the Western spokesman was Henry Grady, W. Averell Harriman or Richard Stokes,

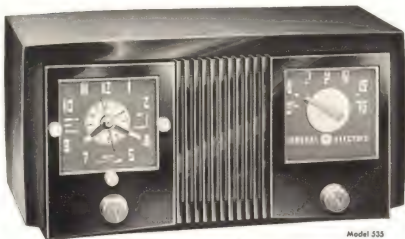
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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

talking with 72-year-old Mohammed Mossadeh had already become one of the more futile exercises in modern diplomacy. By last weekend it was increasingly clear that the McGhee talks were no exception. As they ended, Mossadeh still held steadfastly to his old position, the West still held the bag. The Iranian Prime Minister would not let British technicians manage Iran's oil industry; he also asked a wholesale price for his country's oil that both Britain and the U.S. considered too high.

Mossadeh's visit seemed to have achieved only one concrete result—to widen the disagreement between the U.S. and Great Britain over Mossadeh himself. Washington regards him as an honest fanatic who is hard to deal with, but preferable to the Communist Tudeh Party which might take over Iran if he should fall. London regards Mossadeh distastefully as a man who humiliated Britain,



Associated Press

AHMED QAVAM

Once, he outsmarted the Russians.

broke a contract, and cannot be trusted. Also, says Whitehall, he is a second-rate politician whose only stock in trade was nationalization of oil. To continue such a second-rater in office when Iran's economy is faltering is to court sure disaster.

British Candidate. But the basic difference between London and Washington is over this question: After Mossadeh, who? The British do not think that the Tudeh's hour has struck. They have a successor in mind, and believe he may yet come to power: wily, vain, 77-year-old Millionaire-Landowner Ahmed Qavam. Qavam once even outsmarted the Russians. Right after the war, the Reds demanded an Iranian oil concession, and gave emphasis to their demand by hanging on to Iran's northern provinces of Azerbaijan, Gilan, Mazandaran, and parts of Khurasan. Qavam, then Premier for the third time, helped get the Reds out by agreeing to set up a joint Russo-Iranian oil company, subject, of course, to the Iranian parliament's ap-

proval. Imagine Qavam's surprise, after the Reds left, when the Majlis (parliament) turned down his oil agreement.

Later, a sour Russian diplomat paid Qavam a worthy tribute: "Qavam is a man of great integrity. You can buy him, but he won't stay bought." The British Foreign Office says it has no illusions about Qavam, but regards him as perhaps the only man who can satisfy the mobs and at the same time make a realistic oil deal with the West.

Royal Dish. This week, as Mossadegh got set to fly home (he indignantly denied that the Shah had ordered him home), he faced the toughest crisis of his short, spectacular stay in office. When he kicked the British out, he promised Iran that there would be plenty for all. Instead, the loss of the \$4,000,000 monthly oil revenue has brought Iran's government near to bankruptcy, its currency near to worthlessness, and the long-unpaid civil servants to the verge of striking. At the present rate, the Teheran government has only enough money left for another month. After that, it might even have to sell the crown jewels.

Inflation is fast robbing the people of their pretty green, blue and purple paper money; a kilo of black meat now costs an average day's wages—twice the price of a month ago. *Chelow-kabab*, the famed national dish of rice and meat, which cost 15 rials 60 days ago, is now 30. Poor Iranians grumbled: "*Chelow-kabab* is a royal dish now. Too rich to swallow." Bricklayer Hassan Rezaie expressed a growing bewilderment: "They tell me that oil has been nationalized. But the good life has not yet come." It was a dangerous game the British and Mossadegh were playing, while the U.S. aimlessly kibitzed, carrying on a listlessly polite conversation but putting forward no proposals of its own.

HUNGARY

Let Big Brother Watch

"It has been brought to our attention that pictures of Stalin have not been displayed in all hospital sick rooms," intoned the Communist Party Central Committee in Budapest last week. "Contact of the soul [with Stalin] is exceptionally important in hospitals. In the operating room, in particular, Stalin's portrait should be mounted in such a position that the patient on the operating table looks straight into Stalin's eyes. The patient should know that Stalin always guards over him."

JAPAN

Tempest in a Tub

Humanitarian is not the word that leaps to mind at the sight of slick, pomaded Ujitoshi Konomi. One of the sharpest characters in Tokyo's gaudy Ginza district, Konomi has been in his time a gangster and political terrorist in Shanghai, a smuggler, black-marketeer and saloonkeeper in Japan. Konomi is also a man with important political connections. To forestall trouble, he is constantly accompanied by a bodyguard, a onetime lieutenant colonel in the Imperial Army. Still and

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all, it was as a humanitarian that Konomi filed a request with the Welfare Ministry back in 1949 to build a bathhouse for Tokyo's working classes.

"Think," Konomi urged the ministry, "how unfortunate are the citizens of Tokyo. Far away from the mountains and the open sea, they are unblessed by fresh breezes and deprived of the benefits of green leaves. They drag their lives from day to day through the dust and dirt of the city. The Tokyo Hot Springs," said Ujitoshi Konomi, putting a name to his project, "will change all this."

Miss Turko. It did, indeed. Konomi's Hot Springs, reared at a cost of half a million dollars and opened last April, brought benefits to Tokyo far beyond those of the mountains and the open sea. There, thanks to Konomi, Tokyo's gangsters, plutocrats, diplomats, legislators and sybarites could shake off the dust of the city in a palace rivaling Roman Caracalla's wildest dreams. It boasted 50 private bath and massage rooms tended by a corps of 130 cute, almond-eyed masseuses in pale blue bras and panties. Miss Turko, they all called themselves, in keeping with the Turkish atmosphere.

Lesser functionaries, just as cute, dispensed beer, food, soft drinks and cigarettes. There was a mass milk bath for sensitive males in a huge, raspberry-tiled tub on the second floor; a lemonade bath for ladies on the first. There were private rooms with beds and attendants for after-bath relaxation, a roof garden, a nightclub, a tea room, three restaurants, a barber and a beauty shop. Visitors (among them Errol Flynn) and customers, spending a relaxed Saturday evening at Konomi's Hot Springs, thought nothing of getting a bill of \$100 or more. It was, in short, as one well-scrubbed G.I. said last week, "the damnedest bath I ever had in my life."

To make the benefits universal, Konomi had even provided two mass bathtubs where, for little more than ten times what they would have to pay elsewhere, Tokyo's working classes could wash themselves without benefit of any Miss Turkos.

Not Sanitary. All would have been well had not Konomi's bath water seeped out of the Welfare Ministry and under the door of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Many a Tokyo diplomat, particularly those from China, Indonesia and the Philippines, had paused even while enjoying his bath, to ask how a country so impoverished that it could not pay reparations could still afford such a bathtub. Their questions finally reached Premier Yoshida. Last week the Premier ordered a rigid investigation.

There was a sudden scurry of well-bathed legislators and diplomats for cover. "I gave strict orders at the time I saw the blueprints," alibied one Welfare Ministry official, "that beds should not be provided in rooms attached to the baths, since this is not sanitary." "I saw some half-naked girls running around on the second floor," admitted an investigating Diet member, "but I got the impression that they were not all bad girls." He did

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feel, he added, that "due to international repercussions, something should be done."

So did most everyone else. The trouble was—what? Nice as it might be to dump Barthmaster Konomi in hot water, it would still be a pity to tear down his beautiful bath. At week's end, far away from the mountains and the open sea, it was still going strong.

BURMA

Final Verdict

Last January famed Burma Surgeon Gordon Seagrave was convicted of abetting treason against the new republic of Burma by allegedly helping rebel Karen tribesmen (*TIME*, Oct. 16, 1950 *et seq.*). His sentence: six years at hard labor, later reduced to six months. Longing to return to the north Burma hospital where he had already spent more than half his life, Dr. Seagrave appealed. This week, Burma's three-man Supreme Court rendered the final verdict: not guilty.

MICRONESIA

102 Days in Search of Land

Thirteen-year-old Johnny, a Marshall Islands native boy, was due back in school. So was his ten-year-old friend, Ajanse. They had spent the forepart of the summer, with five grownups, on a 24-ft. trade cutter, voyaging to Kwajalein Island. On the return in July, just 40 miles from home on Ailinglap atoll, the boat lay in an oppressive calm. The captain, wise in the ways of South Pacific weather, knew what that meant: a storm. It came and drove the cutter hundreds of miles out of her course, to the region of Bikini, famous atomic atoll. Near Bikini a wave drenched the compass box. The steersman saw the compass fluid turn black; the needle began to spin erratically.

Thereafter nothing went right. By guess and the stars, the captain set a course for the Philippines, but high winds blew his boat all through the islands of Micronesia without a landfall. Between storms, the equatorial sun turned the tiny shelter cabin into an oven. The water tanks went dry, and salt decks made brine of rain water. At night the boys and the crew of five set out clean planks and licked the dew off them in the morning. Their only food was a bag of trade sugar and the few fish they caught. The captain died, and they put his body overboard. Six weeks out, the crew had not enough strength to raise the mainsail. In mid-October a desperate crewman drank two bottles of shaving lotion, died two days later.

On Nov. 4, after 102 days at sea, the lookout sighted land. Staggering up the beach, the three men and the two boys were met by Plantation Owner Edmund Harbulot. "Is this the Philippines?" they asked. No, said Harbulot, this was the island of Epi in the New Hebrides, 3,000 miles from the Philippines and 1,800 miles from Ailinglap. Johnny and Ajanse, weak and exhausted, had one big worry: Would teacher be mad at them for getting back to school so late?

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PARKER HOUSE MOTTO AND SEAL
"Rewards to the faithful are certain"

Prospective patrons, too, might well ponder the precept, for Boston's famed Parker House in turn promises these certain rewards: comfortable lodgings, good food, helpful service. And as guests whose allegiance has remained faithful can testify, visits at the Parker House become increasingly enjoyable. TIME readers planning a trip to Boston are invited to register at Boston's most famous hotel, reap the rewards which await them there.

Today's Travelers . . .

With but few exceptions the hotel guest of today makes his reservation in advance, secures his confirmation and cancels when a trip is postponed. Of the thousands of letters received by today's completely modern Parker House the majority of course simply make a request for specific reservations. But a surprisingly large number also reminisce about the writers' earlier experiences at the Parker House, or mention the fact that staying at the Parker House has been a family tradition for empty-ump years. Both management and staff hope that its many new guests will hold the Parker House in the same high regard in the future.

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Parker House

BOSTON

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ARGENTINA

Six Years More

By a 2-to-1 majority, Juan Perón this week won a second six-year term as Argentina's President. With 90% of the ballots counted, he had 4,000,000 votes; his nearest rival, Radical Ricardo Balbin, had 2,100,000 and six other candidates trailed far back in the ruck.

Perón's margin was greater than his 55% edge in 1946, a popular mandate loudly acclaimed by his party followers. But it was not the kind of sweeping percentage that strong-man regimes commonly drum up. Perón, in fact, had not seemed to be trying during the campaign. After taking a leave of absence from office to barnstorm for an overwhelming victory, he canceled all such plans when his wife Evita fell gravely ill. Sticking close to Evita's bedside, he made only four radio campaign speeches.

Even so, the opposition had no chance. Six years of systematic destruction of Argentine civil rights took care of that. Harassed by police, barred from access to press and radio, the opposition was allowed only to hold open-air meetings. Balbin, the leading anti-Peronista, was arrested twice during the campaign for "disrespect" to the President. To top things off, Perón imposed virtual martial law after last September's abortive army revolt. This lasted throughout the campaign, and was lifted only on election eve.

Ill though she was, the President's wife played a key role in the election. Before going to the hospital for a major operation, she recorded a speech, broadcast on the night marking the end of the campaign. "I would gladly give my life for a Peronista vote," said Evita. "Place in the ballot box your mark of love and faith . . . to our leader." The operation, reportedly for removal of a uterine growth, was successful, according to a palace communiqué.

After a rugged last week of street rallies ending in riots, election day was quiet. Voting, by law, was compulsory. Though torrential rains held down the rural vote, the capital turnout ran more than 90%. For the first time women voted. Evita casting hers in a special ballot box sent to her hospital bed.

The elections over, and martial law reimposed, the President got ready to end his leave of absence and reassume his executive powers.

CANADA

Off to Europe

The 500 men who raced up a ganepank at Wolfe's Cove one gray, cold morning last week seemed like vacation-bound tourists. Except for a handful of tearful relatives, the pier was a scene of gay, bustling activity as the first contingent of the 27th Infantry Brigade shoved off to join the NATO armies in Germany.

While Brigadier Geoffrey Walsh, the 27th's commander, smilingly looked on,



Associated Press

EVITA VOTING

"I would gladly give my life . . ."

men tackled each other in schoolboy fashion. Some, already embarked, dashed down for a second round of goodbyes with wives & children. Above the din of shouts and whistles, a group of French Canadians rousing sang their regimental song, bagpipes skirted Tipperary, and a brass band blared *Mad'moiselle from Armentières*.

On hand was Defense Minister Brooke Claxton to bid the men *bon voyage* and to distribute a 30-page orientation booklet titled *Off to Europe*. Sample advice: "Don't be fooled by the cheap price and mild taste of French wines . . . Forget the fixed impression you have about European women. You can't take liberties with them; that happens only in the movies . . . If you behave decently, the people of Western Europe . . . will take new hope . . . If you behave badly . . . you may ensure an eventual Communist triumph."

Royal Exit

Princess Elizabeth bade farewell to Canada one evening this week before a gold-plated CBC microphone in the ancient (1833) Government House at St. John's, Nfld. Said she: "I am grateful to you for the glimpse . . . of the greatness of this nation and the even greater future which is within its grasp . . . You have given me a new strength and inspiration which I know will always help me . . ." Next day with Prince Philip she heard a choir sing *Squid Jiggin' Ground* at the fishing village of Portugal Cove, boarded the liner *Empress of Scotland* anchored in the bay, and sailed for home.

During their 34-day visit to Canada and the U.S., Elizabeth and Philip covered some 14,800 miles, and stopped at some 70 communities. About half of Canada's 14 million people caught a glimpse of them. There was no doubt that the tour

was a success, but a gush of purple words from newsmen and extravagant platitudes from welcoming dignitaries tended to obscure its real accomplishments.

One of these was certainly its usefulness to Elizabeth's education in public behavior. Her initial appearances were disappointing. Instead of the poised and charming beauty most Canadians had expected, she was nervous and inarticulate. But Elizabeth showed that she could learn quickly. By last week's wind-up stretch through snowclad Quebec into the Maritimes, she was surprisingly relaxed. In high spirits after a dinner at Saint John, N.B., she performed what looked like an impromptu waltz step to the lilt of a band at the station. The ubiquitous cameramen caught her saying thanks and goodbye in Charlottetown, P.E.I. to the porters of her train.

The trip was important politically. For one thing, Elizabeth was the first happy news in years from troubled Britain. Her smart wardrobe was good medicine for prejudice against British taste in North American clothing markets. In the Canadian prairies, she soothed many a farmer's gripe about Britain's reduced food buying. She was convincing proof of what the *Times* of London called "the benign influence of the British monarchy."

London thought the tour was also a timely antidote in Canada to the economic and cultural pull of the U.S. Said an aging Edmontonian: "Us Canadians have always suffered from an inferiority complex. A royal visit like that one is a pleasant lift for the ego." Said the Princess in her St. John's farewell: "Although I am happy to be returning to my family and my children, I am also leaving a country which has become a second home . . . We have been welcomed with a warmth of heart that has made us feel how truly we belong to Canada."

ECUADOR

The Saint Returns

Handsome Carlos Guevara Moreno, who took a degree in biology at the Sorbonne in the early '30s, likes to say that he "abandoned the scientific laboratory of biology for the human laboratory of politics." Sixteen months ago, Politico Guevara, a former cabinet minister, tried to come to power by arms. His revolution began at dawn in Guayaquil, Ecuador's second city (pop. 216,000) and major seaport. It ended with his humiliating arrest a couple of hours later by the army officers he thought would join him. By 4 p.m. the same day, he was in the massive old jail in Quito, Ecuador's capital, 290 miles away. Last July, after Guevara had served a year, President Galo Plaza Lasso got Congress to pardon and free him.

Plaza's clemency did not win over Guevara. With his comely young wife Norma, who had twice tried unsuccessfully to help her husband break out of jail, Guevara resumed publishing a lurid weekly called *Momento*, and banged away at Galo Plaza. Guevara's old party, the ragtag Concentration of Popular Forces, rallied to



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Momento's call, nominated Guevara for mayor of Guayaquil and made his wife honorary president of the party. Last week Guevara overwhelmingly copped the election, with Plaza's candidate out of sight in third place.

Guevara Moreno appeals to Ecuador's 60¢-a-day rice-mill laborers, the inflation-struck white-collar class, the rank & file of the army and the wretched unemployed living in the split-bamboo shacks hidden behind Guayaquil's impressive masonry waterfront buildings. Plaza's tolerant democracy, though it provides the free press and elections Guevara needs, is not enough for Guevara, who preaches: "We have in this country a minority in a magnificent



CARLOS GUEVARA MORENO & WIFE
From jail to hail.

situation and a majority in a desperate situation. And Plaza's government, it's for the minority, no?" He calls his followers *indefensos*, "the defenseless ones." They call him "the saint." The *indefensos* took it as a good omen that Guevara's electoral triumph last week occurred on the day he became 40, minimum age to run for the presidency in next June's election.

MEXICO

The Man Who Would Not Die

As a sub-lieutenant under Pancho Villa in 1913, Pedro Gómez took slugs in his stomach and in one leg, was left to die after a skirmish in which government forces routed Villa. Before he could die; however, he was jerked to his feet in front of a firing squad. The bullets which crashed into his chest merely knocked him down. A sergeant's *coup de grâce* only nicked his ear. The sergeant's cursing captain seized the pistol and sent a .38 bullet into Gómez' head at the hairline—but late that night Gómez still lived.

Friends found him and carried him back to Villa's headquarters, where a carpenter made a blue cross to put on his grave when he died. Pancho Villa himself told the painter that the lettering on the cross should read, "Lieut. Colonel Pedro Gómez." Two weeks later, far from dead and hoping to see his sweetheart, Gómez was railroading in a gondola car with some of Villa's dynamiters. One of them accidentally touched off a fuse and the car blew up. The only survivor: Gómez.

Last week, grey and gnarled and living on the charity of friends, Gómez, now 61, appeared in Mexico City and demanded that the Defense Department give him a lieutenant colonel's pay of 1,000 pesos a month. The department refused, on the grounds that Gómez was a finger officer, *i.e.*, an officer who got his rank when Villa pointed a finger and said, "You are a colonel." Replied Gómez with dignity: "I won my rank the hard way . . . A man such as I, who has died, at least has the right to eat daily." But at week's end, he was still eating by the charity of his friends.

COLOMBIA

Medellín's Red Lights

Medellín, in northwest Colombia, is a mountain-ringed city of church bells, textile factories and legalized prostitution. Of its 362,000 residents, some 8,000 women practice the world's oldest profession. The city lacks U.S.-style restaurants, ballrooms and respectable bars, and in the evenings its downtown streets are deserted. But the red-light zones on Medellín's outskirts are lively with lights, music, rum and loose women.

Several months ago, the city government decided that the bordellos, scattered across six suburban boroughs, were blocking the development of new residential areas. In September, Secretary of Government Alfonso Restrepo Moreno framed a decree to resettle the girls in Barrio Antioquia, a factory workers' suburb proud of its four schools, its church, its library and civic center.

The girls were willing, but Barrio Antioquia's 25,000 citizens rose up in wrath. Signs appeared on many houses: "The inhabitants of this house will not leave, nor will its owners rent it for a house of prostitution."

Indignation committees stormed Restrepo's office, but he ducked out and pushed ahead with his plan. Barrio Antioquia's schools were closed; one became a barracks for 40 cops, another was selected for a prophylactic clinic. In block after block, red lights appeared over open doors as the first 1,000 girls moved in. Jukeboxes, protected by wrought-iron frames, competed with noisy drunken laughter.

Last week, fed up with the turmoil he created, Restrepo resigned. But it was a kind of Pyrrhic victory for Barrio Antioquia's defenders. Said the suburb's Padre Abel Diez, who had fought the red-light invasion: "There were insults; they threw rocks at my house and I could never sleep. We closed the church today. The decent people will have to leave."

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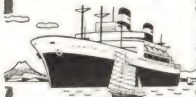
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PEOPLE

Slings & Arrows

Oklahoma's new law making women eligible for jury duty brought some sharp comment from quid-rolling ex-Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray. The 81-year-old father of the present governor, Johnston Murray, and president of the State Constitutional Convention in 1906, croaked his objections: "It isn't right to lock women up with men in a jury room and make them stay all night together. They won't quit till they make it legal for women to go into men's toilets. That's what they'll be after next."

The District of Columbia bar admitted 350 new lawyers, including Frederick Moore Vinson, 26, son of the Supreme Court Chief Justice. The fledgling lawyers got a welcome from District Court Judge F. Dickinson Letts, who had a note of cynicism for those who aspired to the bench. In these days of high taxes, he said, "it takes a peculiar damn fool to be a judge. The pay is like the old gray mare—it ain't what it used to be."

Randolph Churchill, who lost his parliamentary seat in Britain's general election, marked up another loss. For "failing to conform to a traffic sign," near Plymouth during his campaign, he was ordered to pay a fine of £1.

Indian Jim Thorpe, alltime great in U.S. athletic history (football, baseball and track), entered a Philadelphia hospital at 63 as a charity case to have a cancer removed from his lower lip. "We're broke," his third wife Patricia said. "Jim has nothing but his name and his memories."

Nods & Becks

Colonel Francis S. ("Gabby") Gabreski, 32, one of the country's leading aces (28 planes shot down in Europe, 3 MIG-15s in Korea) moved up the command ladder, became boss of the 51st Fighter Wing in Korea.

Another ranking jet ace of the Korean war, First Lieut. Ralph D. ("Hoot") Gibson, 27 (with 5 MIG-15s), hopped into his T-33 Jet and flew 600 miles from Selfridge Field, Mich. to attend a hero's welcome in his hometown of Mount Carmel, Ill. (pop. 9,182). He had planned to drive his blue Cadillac convertible, said Gibson, but "my dad called me and told me that I better fly. He told me the roads were pretty bad, and that an awful lot of people got killed on the highways."

The University of Wichita, which annually names an opposition player as the "Outstanding Sportsman of the Year," picked a man who will not face their team this season. The trophy went to Drake's Negro Halfback Johnny Bright, the target of some unsporting slugging last month in the Oklahoma A. & M. game (TIME, Nov. 5). Out of the line-up with a fractured jaw, Bright has played the last game of his college career.

At the opening class of the American Baseball Academy in Manhattan's 212th A.A.A. Armory, Yankee Shortstop Phil



Zsa Zsa GABOR
Fun in the evening.

Rizzuto, who heads a faculty staff of nine major league stars, listened to some coaching tips from Elder Baseball Expert Bernard Baruch, first-base man at City College of New York some 60 years ago. To 1,200 boys between the ages of 10 and 18, the staff will teach the finer points of baseball and sportsmanship.

Hearth & Home

Bandsman Artie Shaw arrived in Manhattan, fresh from London, with two prized possessions: the finished manuscript of his first novel, and Actress Doris Dowling, his choice for a seventh mate.



RIZZUTO & BARUCH
Tips in the armory.

International

Shaw, whose hasty marriage record includes **Lana Turner**, **Kathleen Winsor** and **Ava Gardner**, announced that he was going to try a cooling-off period this time before going to the altar. Said he: "For the first time in my life, I'm engaged." And, he asked, what is wrong with trying marriage again? "Just because I intend to marry for the seventh time, you'd think I was guilty of something."

Barbara Hutton left Paris for Cologne, Germany to spend her 39th birthday visiting her old friend, aging (42) German tennis ace **Baron Gottfried von Cramm**. Could this be a romance? asked friends. Bahs left them dangling. Rumors of an engagement with Von Cramm are "perfectly ridiculous," she said. "I have been married four times, and I don't feel young enough to become engaged again." But, she added with womanly logic, "this does not mean that I will not marry again."

Mrs. **Ariane Allen Ross** asked a Manhattan court for separation and alimony from craggy Editor **Harold Ross** of *The New Yorker*. His "mental cruelty," charged Mrs. Ross, who graduated from college a Phi Beta Kappa at 17, took several turns. Among them: calling her a "stupid, mediocre, banal bore." Furthermore, he refused to take her on social calls because he said her "stupidity, boring chatter and lack of poise embarrassed him and injured his reputation."

Betty (*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*) **Smith** arrived in Reno for the usual reason. Her marriage to second husband **Joseph Piper Jones** had been "a noble experiment that failed." Said she: "It was wartime, and one of those three-day-pass situations." The charge would be incompatibility, not cruelty, "because he's a nice guy. We simply didn't have anything to talk about."

When Hungarian-born **Zsa Zsa Gabor** refused to co-star with her husband **Cine-mactor George Sanders** on the **Tallulah Bonkhead** radio show (because the lines "would have made my marriage look ridiculous"), Sanders took the afternoon off to pack his bags and leave his Hollywood home. Said he: "My wife asked me to get out, and I am in the process of doing so. I have been discarded like a squeezed lemon." For reporters covering the spat, **Zsa Zsa** (rhymes with maharajah) had a simple statement: "A woman has the right to quarrel with her husband in the afternoon because it is so much fun to make up in the evening."

In Manhattan, **Zsa Zsa's** older sister **Magda Gabor** was having a quarrel with her insurance company. She was having trouble collecting a claim of \$17,250 to cover assorted minks and gems stolen from her midtown apartment last winter. The policy would never have been written in the first place, said the company, if it had known all the facts. **Magda** is a well-known person, moving in highly publicized circles, and is therefore a "target risk," which neither she nor the insurance agent had bothered to mention.

In Germantown, Pa., a police court judge pronounced **Frank Sinatra** and **Ava Gardner** man & wife.

TRADERS IN

Good Spirits

FOR OVER 250 YEARS



HUDSON'S BAY BRAND CANADIAN WHISKY

A BLEND (86.8 Proof)

Imported by HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, Inc., New York...
Distributors of Hudson's Bay Best Procurable Scotch Whisky, A Blend (86.8 Proof)
...Also Jamaica Rum (51-114.2-97-91.4 Proof) and Demerara Rum (51-114-91.4 Proof)



How to "cut down on smoking"



without
giving up
a single
cigarette!

■ You can cut down on nicotine and tars without making yourself a nervous wreck! The Denicotea Holder filters the smoke of your favorite cigarette—literally "sponges up" nicotine and tars. You can actually see the irritants it removes—and be glad they can't reach, can't harm your throat, sinuses—or lungs!



Aluminum ejector model, 2.50
Longer model, gold tone ejector, 3.50

dunhill

DE-NICOTEA
FILTER HOLDER

Who's Dreaming?

In Paris, *L'Observateur* thought it heard war cries from across the Atlantic, and it didn't like them. What alarmed the leftist (but non-Communist), highbrow weekly was *Collier's* fictional account of World War III (*TIME*, Oct. 20). *L'Observateur* diagnosed the *Collier's* issue as a symptom of a general U.S. psychoneurosis, lampooned the *Collier's* act, showed Russia winning World War III. *L'Observateur's* most striking illustration: a drawing of General Eisenhower surrendering to a Russian officer. Said *L'Observateur*: *Collier's* "rendered a great service" in revealing the average American's current frame of mind.

Deadline Missed

To readers of Pennsylvania's *Centre Daily Times* (circ. 8,795), the paper's chatty "Daily Half Colyum" was as familiar a fixture as the masthead. Ever since 1925, when Arthur Ray Warnock, dean of men at the Pennsylvania State College, began his Colyum, no issue of the paper had appeared without his low-keyed, often humorous comments on everything from world problems to flower gardens. But sometimes he had come mighty close to missing a deadline.

Last December Columnist Warnock was driving from State College (where the *Times* is published) to Harrisburg, when he suddenly realized that next day's column was still in his pocket. The mail got it to the paper in time, but Warnock resolved never to take such a chance again. He wrote a special column to be held at the *Times* "For the issue of the day on which A.R.W. misses a deadline." Wrote he: "I've had some close calls . . . at midnight occasionally I'd suddenly recall, sleepy and half ready for bed, that I had not taken next day's column down to the newspaper office. So I'd dress again, and

take it down—often on a cold, snowy, rainy, blustery, calm, moonlit night . . . I don't know the reason why I missed today's deadline—but it had better be a darned good one . . . I've busted a perfect record!"

Last week, after some 6,000 columns, Ray Warnock missed his first deadline, and his last. At 67, he died in his sleep. *Times* Editor Jerry Weinstein plucked the spare column out of a drawer, crossed out the words "but it had better be a darned good one," sadly sent the copy to the printers.

Chicagoland on the Potomac

In Washington, where the thermometer stood in the balmy upper 60s, the *Times-Herald's* Page One cartoon was a stopper. J. Q. Public was being smacked by a snowball labeled "early snowfall." Apparently, the paper's absentee owner, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, had decided that when Chicago has an early snow, Washington should observe it.

Importing the weather from Chicagoland (where there was a blizzard last week) was merely aging (71) Bertie McCormick's latest step in remaking the *Times-Herald* in the image of his *Chicago Tribune*. Already, the *T-H* was using *Trib*-style type and make-up, parroting its editorials and columnists, using the *Trib's* truncated spellings (sherif, frate), even leading off the weekly football predictions (piped in from Chicago) with Midwestern games. Cracked one Washington newshand: "All he needs to do is call it the *Washington Tribune*."

Comes the Ax. When Bertie dumped his niece, Bazy Miller, as editor last spring and took personal charge of his Washington outpost (*TIME*, April 16), his new staff gurgled with good cheer. After all, they said, "no matter what you may think of McCormick's policies," he is a good man to work for. Their cheer was short-



EISENHOWER'S CAPTURE IN WORLD WAR III ("L'OBSERVATEUR" VERSION)
Through another frame of mind, a new view.

How can a shirt that looks
so good feel so good!



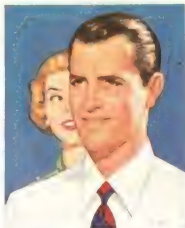
The answer's in the collar—the sensational, new Arafold Collar! Here's how it works—



You see, Arafold has no seam, no collar band on the inside. This is for smooth comfort!



This amazing collar slopes so low on your neck you feel almost as free-and-easy as this.



Yet, buttoned, with a tie, Arafold is as smart a *looking* collar as you've ever worn!

IT'S ARROW'S
NEW REVOLUTIONARY

Arafold Collar!



You know how good it feels when you get home, loosen your tie and unbutton your collar? Man, that's *comfort*! Well, you're *practically* that comfortable all day long with Arafold! And you *still* have that well-groomed Arrow look.

Drop into your Arrow dealer's soon, ask to see Bi-Way with the Arafold Collar. Let him show you how this supremely comfortable collar works.

You'll find Arafold in a spread collar, a long-point collar, a button-down, a regular-point collar, and a rounded-point collar.

Of course, like all Arrow shirts, Bi-Way with the Arafold Collar is "Sanforized"—labeled, will *never* shrink out of fit. Buttons are anchored on to stay. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Arrow Shirts, Sports Shirts, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Underwear.

ARROW'S

BI-WAY SHIRT

with the new
ARAFOLD COLLAR



Spring never leaves
ACAPULCO
and you'll never want to!

No MATTER how long you plan to stay, Acapulco promises you an unforgettable vacation. A warm sun that never deserts it and a 12-month season of serene days and gay, romantic nights have made this Mexican seaside resort the "Riviera" of the Western Hemisphere.

You'll fish, sail, swim and sun on Acapulco's lovely beaches. And dance the night away in Acapulco's famed hotels. No wonder you never want to leave Acapulco! But when you do, remember, you're only a few hours from home thanks to daily Flagship service all year long.

America's Leading Airline **AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.**

lived. Instead of pay boosts, there were cost-trimmings and firings. Quick to go were Bazy's pets.

The new gold lettering on Bazy's office door reads "Colonel Robert R. McCormick" (staff members slyly salute as they pass), but the room behind it is seldom used. The colonel has been in Washington less than half a dozen times since he took command. Officially, the paper's top editorial brass hat is Frank Waldrop, long-time executive editor. Waldrop insists that Tribunizing the *T-H* is his own idea and that he sold McCormick on it. But Washington newsmen believe that Bertie's mouthpiece in the capital is really Walter Trohan, chief of the *Tribune's* Washington bureau. They say Trohan was offered



Thomas McAvoy—Life

EDITOR WALDROP

"We want to be a little bit stuffy."

the *Times-Herald* editorship, but turned it down, prefers to sit backstage.

Carbon Copy. Onstage, the *Times-Herald* was almost a completely new show. One of the new regime's first acts was to turn Page 3—the "rape and murder page"—into a stodgy collection of straight news. Says Waldrop: "We want to be a little bit stuffy." But as the paper began to look more & more like a carbon copy of the *Tribune*, staff morale ebbed. Many *Times-Herald* veterans quit, among them the sport editor, editorial cartoonist, picture editor, and night city editor.

Many an old reader felt the same way. It still was the capital's only around-the-clock daily, and its biggest (circ. 268,000). But the *T-H* had lost 10,000 readers in a year, while its rivals were gaining. Advertising, too, had slumped, notably local retail ads.

Advertisers, like readers, were shying away because the *Times-Herald* was no longer the big show it had been when the late Cissy Patterson ran it. Then, at least, it was a lively, hell-raising sheet. Bertie McCormick's new *Times-Herald* was as dull as a year-old want ad.



This explains how you can dress better at no extra cost!

No matter how good looking a suit is at the outset, if it droops and sags after a season's wear, it's a poor investment. No such disappointment with Timely Clothes. They start out looking smart... and they *stay* smart. The reason is Balanced Tailoring... a scientific combination of... **costly hand needlework that eases in the soft supple lines... balanced with... sturdy machine sewing, strategically placed, to hold those lines.** As a result, you look your best *every day*... season after season. And you get this dividend of lasting good looks at no extra cost only in Timely Clothes because only Timely Clothes have Balanced Tailoring. Moderately priced, at your Timely Clothier. For your **FREE** copy of our 28-page booklet, "How to Choose Clothes to Improve Your Appearance", write Dept. T-25, Timely Clothes, Inc., Rochester 2, N. Y.

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FINE ALL WOOL WORSTED IN BARITONES...
DEEPER, RICHER COLORINGS WITH THE RIGOR OF YOUTH

Balanced Tailoring makes

TIMELY



CLOTHES

look better... longer!

No
shopping
problems
when it's the

DOBBS

Gift
Certificate



The easiest—and most welcome—"Merry Christmas" to a man who deserves the best. You'll enjoy giving, as much as he'll enjoy receiving, this invitation to choose his own Dobbs. Here's the gift he'll remember and appreciate throughout the year.

The **DOBBS**

Homburg

\$12.50, \$15 and \$20



Dobbs, New York's Leading Hatter
Park Ave., at the Waldorf, New York

Purchase your Dobbs Gift Certificates
from your local Dobbs dealer, \$8.50 to \$40

RADIO & TV

The Truant Teacher

Though he is a teacher at heart, Don Herbert hates the dry stuffiness of a classroom as much as any truant schoolboy. On *Mr. Wizard*, his popular science show for kids (Sat. 5 p.m., NBC-TV), he uses brief, ad lib comment instead of hectoring lectures, everyday objects like balloons and tumblers instead of beakers and fractionating columns, and he would rather conduct his experiments with a potato or a spinning top than with test tubes and Bunsen burners.

Herbert's object is to show his audience (estimated at 850,000) what goes on in the world—why the wind blows, what makes a cake rise, how water comes out of a kitchen tap. To explain rain, he boils



Mr. WIZARD & STOOGIE
Why does the wind blow?

water in a coffee pot, compares the steam to clouds, and shows how "rain" will condense on the sides of a glass held over the spout. He demonstrates static electricity with a charged rubber comb, lets it pick up a cluster of cork filings and then release them in a miniature snowstorm the moment they are oppositely charged. Using an infrared ray, he pops pop corn without burning the cellophane container. Last week, Herbert explained the importance of air speed to a pilot, by tying a paper plane to an electric fan and showing how it rose and fell in relation to the speed of the fan.

A graduate of LaCrosse (Wis.) State Teachers College in 1940, Herbert soon found himself piloting a B-24 in Italy instead of teaching in a U.S. high school. After the war he was sidetracked once again, became a freelance radio writer and actor in Chicago, helped create the memorable *It's Your Life* series of documentaries. Last March, he got the idea for *Mr. Wizard*, sold it to NBC and hired twelve-year-old Bruce Lindgren as his helper and sometimes skeptical stooge.



"I've been coming to

The

Biltmore

Hotel in
NEW YORK

since my
undergraduate days."

"Started making The Biltmore my headquarters in New York more years ago than I care to remember. In that time I've found no other hotel anywhere which quite matches it for solid comfort and considerate service."

Write today for folder T

The BILTMORE

Madison Avenue at 43rd Street

Frank W. Regan • David J. Martin
President General Manager

Elevator to Grand Central Terminal
Block from Airlines Terminal



**NEW
MEXICO**

Every section of New Mexico offers scenes of varying grandeur . . . from the vast expanses of the rolling mesa-dotted plains to the tall mountains of the Rocky range . . . grandeur and an aura of ageless romance that enthralled Old World explorers . . . and is a never-ending source of enjoyment to the modern explorers on New Mexico's highways and byways. Set your compass for New Mexico this winter . . . where the mild climate and the Southwest's warm sun make "exploring" an exhilarating pleasure. For literature and colorful maps write Dept. T-5

TOURIST BUREAU
Santa Fe New Mexico
[Division of State Highway Dept.]

Bruce now knows more about the basic principles of sound, air pressure, oxidation and leverage than the run of high-school graduates.

Though *Mr. Wizard* has a sponsor (the Cereal Institute), NBC thinks enough of it as a public service program to furnish the time free of charge and none of the 54 TV stations carrying the 30-minute show gets any money for it. Chicago's Federated Advertising Club was so impressed it created an award especially for *Mr. Wizard*. But the most surprising tribute came from the Voice of America; it entered a standing order for recorded transcripts of each show.

Faint Applause

After eight months of determined tele-viewing, a 17-man committee headed by Music Critic Deems Taylor ended up with more awards (donated by Sylvania Electric Products Inc.) than people to give them to. Though it could find no program worthy of its top award, the committee consoled TVmen by pointing out that television was in its infancy compared to "30 years of radio, 50 years of motion pictures, and 4,000 years of theater." Among the winners:

- ¶ Manhattan's WPIX and New Orleans' WDSU (for televising the Kefauver hearings).*
- ¶ *Meet the Press* (best public service program)
- ¶ *Chicago Zoo Parade* (best children's program).
- ¶ *Fireside Theater* (best filmed show).
- ¶ *Your Show of Shows* (best television revue).
- ¶ John Daly on *What's My Line?* (best moderator).

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Nov. 16. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Game of the Week (Sat. 1:45 p.m., Mutual). Football: Illinois v. Ohio State.
Salute from Paris (Sat. 11:30 p.m., NBC). French songs through the ages, celebrating the 2,000th anniversary of Paris.

Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Violinist Jascha Heifetz.

Playhouse on Broadway (Tues. 10:30 p.m., NBC). Rex Harrison in *We Are Not Alone*.

TELEVISION

U.N. General Assembly (weekdays 6 p.m., CBS). Filmed excerpts from Paris.

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Diana Lynn in *Memoirs of Aimee Durant*.

Football (Sat. 1:45 p.m., NBC). Columbia v. Navy (East); Nebraska v. Colorado (West).

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Danny Thomas.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *The Kimballs*, with Boris Karloff, Vanessa Brown.

* Plus certificates to seven other stations and sponsors of the hearings, including **TIME**.

"Fun galore— Fall or Winter at the Empress in British Columbia"



"We had a glorious vacation at Canadian Pacific's Empress Hotel in Victoria, British Columbia. My daughter, Janet, and I agreed this luxurious, ivy-covered resort...with its fabulous garden setting and warm, personalized service...was like something out of a storybook. (Special monthly winter rates, too!)"



"Canadian Pacific brought us to British Columbia through the magnificent Canadian Rockies. Our train accommodations were perfect...air-conditioned rooms...soft, wide berths...superb food...gracious service. From Vancouver we sailed to Victoria on a luxurious Canadian Pacific Princess ship. At Victoria we golfed on the year 'round course...played tennis, browsed in quaint shops. It was the vacation of a lifetime for both of us."



Canadian Pacific
SPANS THE WORLD

Railways • Steamships • Airlines • Hotels • Communications • Express

SEE YOUR LOCAL AGENT OR CANADIAN PACIFIC IN PRINCIPAL CITIES IN U. S. AND CANADA



When sneezes make you



Blow your top



**Refreshing KOOLs still
Taste tip-top!**



**CATCHING COLD?
Smoke KOOLs as your
steady smoke for that
clean, KOOL taste!**

Peacetime Bomb

An elderly housewife with a large cancer in her gullet was wheeled into a basement room in the London, Ont. Victoria Hospital last week. A big lead-cased machine, like an up-ended cement mixer, was swung into position over her. There was a hissing of air ducts; a small window in the big machine opened for a few minutes, then snapped shut. The patient had received one of the first series of treatments by the first "Cobalt Bomb," medical science's newest weapon against cancer.

The cobalt bomb was developed by Canadian atomic scientists and is the strongest radioactive source ever used for a peacetime purpose in any country. Wafers of cobalt the size of a 25¢ piece were put in the Canadian atomic pile at Chalk River, Ont. and left there for two years to be bombarded with neutrons and made highly radioactive. Then 24 wafers of the radioactive product (Cobalt 60) became the charge for London's cobalt bomb; the others were sent to Saskatchewan for another cobalt bomb, which was in operation at Saskatoon last week. More cobalt is being "cooked" for the first U.S. units.

The cobalt bomb is 25 times as powerful as the world's biggest radium units (one at Manhattan's Roosevelt Hospital, the other in Belgium), and yet so compact that its rays are easily focused on a small area of the patient's body. And Cobalt 60 is cheap: \$17,200 for London's healing metal, whereas the radium equivalent could cost \$25 million.

Dogbite: What Not to Do

If a man gets a deep flesh cut from a jagged instrument, the doctor usually washes out the wound with soap & water, cuts away dead tissue, and stitches up the wound. He may put a mild antiseptic on the surrounding skin. He would never think of cauterizing such a wound with fuming nitric acid and then leaving it open. But if the patient in such a case is the victim of a dogbite, he is all too likely to be subjected to painful cautery, and perhaps scarred for life.

Dr. Rosal T. Vinnard, now a general surgeon in Fresno, Calif., saw a lot of this sort of thing as a resident physician in big New Orleans and Los Angeles hospitals, and it infuriated him. In *Postgraduate Medicine*, he tells why: there is no need to treat a dogbite differently from any other flesh wound; this has long been known to medical science, but too many doctors are still using old-fashioned, discredited methods.

The only thing that makes a dogbite (or the bites of other animals*) different from an ordinary wound, says Dr. Vinnard, is the possible presence of rabies virus. It was proved eight years ago that rabies virus can be removed from a wound more thoroughly by soap & water than by nitric acid or any other of the cauterizing agents. As for leaving the wound open,

* As distinct from that of man, whose dirty mouth, even if non-rabid, makes his bite the most likely to cause serious local infection.



CANADA'S COBALT BOMB
From the atomic pile, a weapon of mercy.

Eldorado Mining and Refining



speaking of people "ON THE WAY UP"

They're the ones who always seem to do twice as much in half the time. These are the kind of people who are taking advantage of the speed, comfort and economy of air travel.

Let us help you "go places" in a comfortable hurry.

Capital
AIRLINES

532 Flights Daily Between 75 Major Cities, served by GIRARD PERREGAUX Official Watch

A NEW AFTER-SHAVE LOTION!



'SPORT OF KINGS' - by GOURIELLI

Here is a new after-shave lotion which is irresistibly masculine. It would make an admirable present for a Steward of the Jockey Club, a Brigadier General, or your favorite husband.

SPORT OF KINGS after-shave lotion is terrifically refreshing, and most men will pretend they use it for no other reason. Pure humbug. The secret truth is that most men like to *smell* good, and SPORT OF KINGS smells *very* good, very fresh, and very masculine.

You can buy SPORT OF KINGS after-shave lotion in the lucky horseshoe at most good stores, for 2.50 and 1.50. There is also a SPORT OF KINGS cologne at 3.50 and 2.00, and a shaving soap in a thumping glass horseshoe, which becomes an ashtray in after life and costs 1.50.

The SPORT OF KINGS huntsman's boot, shown at the right, is full of the finest tale Gourielli knows how to make — 1.50. GOURIELLI, 16 E. 55th Street, New York. *All prices quoted plus Fed. tax except where noted.*



this increases the chance of disfigurement.

After circulating a questionnaire, Dr. Vinnard found that in many cases, hospitals and doctors used the old cautery method because they thought the law required them to, or because public-health officials prescribed it. (One benighted hospital in Wisconsin used it against the recommendation of public-health authorities who advised soap & water.)

"It is easy for doctors in public-health departments to recommend the cauterization of dogbite," says Dr. Vinnard. "Many of these doctors seldom or never are confronted with an actual dogbite to treat. It is difficult to imagine a responsible doctor caring for a pretty child and feeling complacent about having the frightened child held down while he converts the wounds into acid burns which will leave permanent, disfiguring scars."

Mother, Father & Ulcer

Peptic ulcers are about four times as common among men as among women—nobody knows why.* Three University of Cincinnati psychiatrists decided that women ulcer patients were not getting enough attention, and set out to study what might have made a representative group of them sick.

The results were surprising. Of 25 patients, aged 10 to 66, the investigators found that almost every one had been left motherless, or had been rejected or neglected by her mother. Every one had become unhealthily dependent on her father, husband or lover. Some overcompensated for their dependence by trying to reject men, but in every case an ulcer developed when the patient was rejected by the man she deemed essential to her happiness. The most striking difference between these patients and a similar group of men, the psychiatrists found, was that most of the men managed at least a superficial adjustment to their families and society. The women did not; all had profound and obvious personality disorders.

Manchurian Fever

Just behind the front lines in Korea last weekend, U.S. soldiers were diligently hunting rabbits. With trap and snare they were also trying to catch rats and mice. There was nothing frivolous about this: the soldiers were medical corpsmen, assigned to help run down an enemy which has killed at least 25 of their buddies and made hundreds ill since June: the virus, or something like a virus, that causes epidemic hemorrhagic fever.

This disease was first described by Japanese army doctors in 1939, when their troops came down with it in Manchuria (hence its popular name, "Manchurian fever"). The death rate then ran as high as 10%. No U.S. soldier is known to have contracted the disease in World War II or during the first year of war in Korea. Last June it broke out among forward troops who had been living on the ground.

Sometimes as many as ten men in a

* A half-century ago, they were more common among women—nobody knows why.



Luxurious Scotch Grain, \$16.95
Others \$9.95 to \$22.95

Befitting a Gentleman whose sense of values

is flattered by the sterling qualities and character

of this finer Oxford . . . styled and stitched by Freeman craftsmen

in imported Scotch Grain.

It's a **FREEMAN** *Shoe*

THE FOOTWEAR OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

At Wallachs, New York; Capper & Capper, Chicago; Clayton's, Detroit; Norton-Ditto, Houston; Hastings, San Francisco; K. Katz, Baltimore; Strumpf, Milwaukee; Rutland's, St. Petersburg; Wolf's, St. Louis; Young's, Los Angeles; Bishop's, Miami; Ashe, Ft. Worth; Simons, Lincoln; Freeman, Pittsburgh; Furchgott's, Inc., Jacksonville; Nordstrom, Seattle; and 5,682 other fine stores, coast to coast. Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

Esterbrook DESK PEN SETS

The business gift with the personal touch.

With each of these Esterbrook Desk Sets you have full choice of the world's largest variety of point styles. You can personalize each set with the right point for the way they write—and remember all points are renewable in case of damage. Ask your Esterbrook dealer for a demonstration.



444 DESK PEN SET—"Ink-Locked" base holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pen desk sets. Writes for months without refilling. Either single or double sets in black, green, maroon, gray or clear.



407 DESK PEN SET—Holds two full ounces of ink. Ink supply always visible. Fill it once, write for months. Single or double sets. Black only.



112 FOUNTAIN PEN DESK SET—Taper-end Esterbrook Fountain Pen in heavy porcelain base. Permanent lustrous finish in black or colors. Double sets available in black only.

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Esterbrook

AMERICA'S PEN NAME SINCE 1858

The Esterbrook Pen Company, Camden 1, New Jersey
The Esterbrook Pen Company of Canada, Ltd., 92 Fleet St., East, Toronto, Ontario

unit fell ill at once; sometimes only one man in a pup tent. The first symptoms are like grippé: headache, fever, aching joints and fatigue. The fever may shoot to 106°, the pulse weakens, and blood pressure falls as in shock. In the acute stage, tiny hemorrhages in the eyeballs make them bloodshot; other hemorrhages appear under the skin of shoulders and belly, and there may be bleeding from the nose, kidneys or intestines.

No drugs alter the course of the disease. But U.S. troops get far better care than the first Japanese victims: infusions of glucose and vitamins, and sometimes ACTH or cortisone for shock. Transfusions of blood from convalescent patients, given to victims in the early stages, seem to speed their recovery. This strengthens the belief that the fever is caused by a



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U.S. SOLDIERS & ENEMY'S
Wanted: vermin and mites.

virus, and that a convalescent's blood contains antibodies manufactured during the illness.

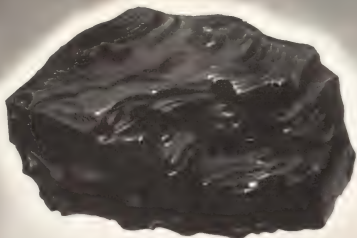
One way & another, the toll among U.S. troops has been held down to 25 deaths among 187 proved cases (there may have been almost 500 cases, all told, with many unidentified). The medics hope that their hunters and trappers will bring in samples of the responsible virus in the rabbits and vermin. And in the mites which infest them. After that, work can begin on developing a protective vaccine. Meanwhile, to front-line troops the season's first bitter cold was almost welcome: it appeared that nighttime freezes were checking the fever's spread.

The Healer's "Gift"

Thousands of Hollanders were ready to swear that Simon W. J. Schaasberg, whose shingle proclaimed him a "psychometrist-homeopath," had cured them of every complaint in the book, from stuffy noses and hemorrhoids to pneumonia and cancer. For years, the sick had packed the

© Cartoonist Bill Mauldin's caption: "Aim between th' eyes, Joe. Sometimes they charge when they're wounded."

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A Department of National Coal Association, Washington, D. C.

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tiny front room of Schaasberg's house in Maastricht. The street was sometimes blocked by cars and chartered buses that brought patients from afar. No less remarkable than his popularity were Schaasberg's methods.

No doctor, Schaasberg never bothered to examine his patients. They did not even have to tell him what ailed them. From each he borrowed some personal knickknack, such as a ring or a penknife, held it in his hand, and went into a kind of trance. Soon he began to writhe in sympathetic pain. If his "gift" told him that the patient had been having headaches, Schaasberg frowned and clasped his head. If the gift said "T.B.," Schaasberg gave a hacking cough.

Relying on his gift for guidance, Schaasberg prescribed simple remedies, such as an herbal tea from the local chemist's, or what he calls "harmless drops." Even the



Israel Shaler

SIMON SCHAASBERG
Diagnosis by knickknock.

Latin names for the prescriptions "just came" to him, he claimed. If the patient could not get to Maastricht, but sent a letter with a photograph or a ring enclosed, Schaasberg was willing to treat him by mail.

For these shenanigans, Schaasberg was convicted of practicing medicine without a license. When he appealed, his lawyer argued that the law was inadequate: it should recognize a "gift" like Schaasberg's. Most of his witnesses proved friendly (though two were still too sick to testify), but they gave the lie to his claim that he asked no fees: actually, he charged 65¢ for most visits.

Last week the appeals court upheld the conviction and tapped Schaasberg's wrist with a \$53 fine. But it looked as though the medical profession and the courts had not heard the last of Schaasberg. "We're fighting for a principle," quacked he. "If we help patients, why should we be kept from doing so?"

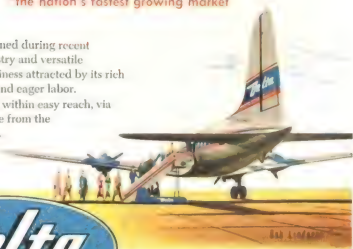


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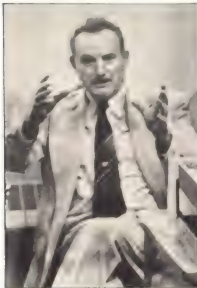
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SCIENCE

Great Balls of Fire

The U.S. Southwest, land of rockets, atom bombs and flying saucers, had another sensation last week: green fireballs streaking across the sky, behaving like nothing ever seen by earthlings before. In 13 days, eight brilliant objects dazzled Southwesterners. According to Dr. Lincoln LaPaz, head of the Institute of Meteoritics at the University of New Mexico (TIME, Nov. 12), a fall of nine bright meteorites in a year over a comparable area would be considered exceptional. "I just don't know what to make of it," said Dr. LaPaz. "I am almost inclined to ask



ASTRONOMER LAPAZ
What's cooking in Nevada?

those [atom bomb] fellows out in Nevada what they are doing."

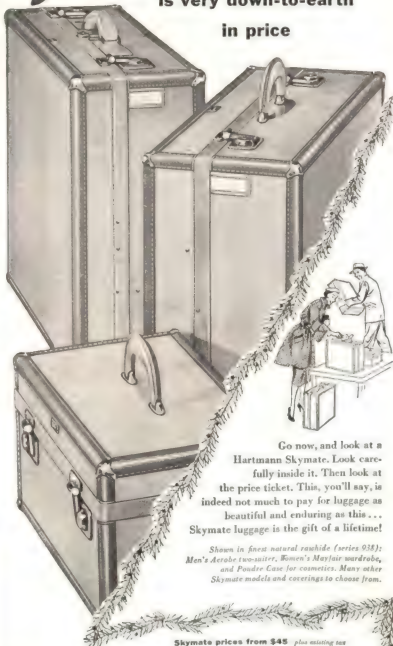
Dr. LaPaz pointed out that meteors big enough to penetrate the lower atmosphere do not occur in showers. The so-called meteor showers are caused by very small particles that burn out quickly far above the earth. The green color is unusual, too. Meteorites generally roar like jet planes as they approach the earth, but most observers insisted that these odd objects were completely silent. Though some of them seemed to hit the surface with a flash, brilliant even in daylight, search parties so far have found no remains of the mysterious fireballs.

But the Southwest was already abuzz with rumors. The fireballs were being pinned on White Sands (rocket) Proving Ground in southern New Mexico, as well as on the Nevada bomb testers. So far, no one had yet suggested another invasion of the famous flying saucers with their bright little crewmen from Venus or Mars. But people were beginning to report "things in the sky" as far away as New Jersey and New York.

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Museum of Natural History

ICHTHYOLOGIST CLARK
It's a pleasure.

Red Sea Swimmer

Some scientists do things as work that other people do for pleasure. Dr. Eugenie Clark, 29, comely ichthyologist of New York's American Museum of Natural History, picked as her job a stint of swimming in the warm Red Sea. She made her base at Ghardaqa, Egypt, where Fouad University has a marine biological station.

For the next ten months, Dr. Clark was one of the sights of Ghardaqa. The Moslems of Ghardaqa, who wrap their own women like mummies, watched with open amazement as she went down to the sea in a bathing suit. Their jaws dropped even lower when she cruised face down on the surface, aerated by a snorkel tube, and skewered fish with a spear. "But," said Dr. Clark, "they seemed to get used to it after a time."

Besides spears, she used hooks, nets and poison to catch her prey. Often great sharks cruised along beside her. They never took even a nibble, but once when her husband came to visit, she saw a big barracuda looking at him fixedly with one round eye. Barracudas' minds are not hard to read. Fish-wise Dr. Clark realized just in time that this one had mistaken her husband's white sneakers for two small, edible fish. She got him into the boat before the barracuda could swallow either of them.

Last week Dr. Clark put aside her snorkel tube and swim suit for a while. Back in the museum, she began the much less exciting task of classifying and studying the biggest collection of fish ever dragged singlehanded from the Red Sea.

The Unfriendly Aeropause

The rocketing boys & girls of the comics and science fiction are very much at home in space. They flit from planet to planet as easily and comfortably as a housewife going to the supermarket. The

truth about space is different, and no one knows it better than the high-flying scientists and engineers. Last week the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine held a symposium at San Antonio on the dangers that will crowd around explorers of the aeropause.*

The greatest obstacle for space travelers to overcome is man himself. The human body is fitted to meet conditions on the surface of the earth, where the temperature varies only slightly and the pull of gravitation varies hardly at all. The atmosphere provides a steady supply of oxygen, while its cushioning bulk overhead protects man's delicate hide from nearly all meteors and ultraviolet, X and cosmic rays. For man to leave this sheltered environment is as difficult as it was for his fishlike forerunners to slither up on to dry land.

Trial by Heat. Since man cannot change his body quickly, he must carry with him a capsule of his earth-surface environment. This, in effect, is what the fish did; the cells in the bodies of land vertebrates, including man, are bathed in a fluid much like the thin brine of the paleozoic sea. But when man tries to carry his environment with him into the aeropause, he finds problems at each level.

At moderate altitudes (20-30 miles), one of the worst is heat. The atmosphere is fiercely cold, but an airplane or rocket must speed through it so fast that the air that strikes it becomes just as fiercely hot. At the speed necessary for aeropause flight, the craft will be enclosed in a film of hot air at 1,000° C. For flights of moderate speed and duration, refrigerating units like those used on present-day jet fighters may be enough to counteract such temperatures. For long, fast flights,

* Various defined, but meaning in general the region above the present ceilings of "inhabited aircraft," i.e., above 75,000 feet.



What doesn't belong in this picture?

All but one of the objects in this picture have something in common — Norton or Behr-Manning abrasive products are vital factors in their manufacture and in their quality. *Can you find the stranger?*

The sheepfoot roller? No! Before it went to work compacting and leveling airstrips, it got its rugged strength and odd shape from processes that call for the top performance of Norton grinding wheels and refractories and Behr-Manning coated abrasives.

The organ? No! The rich finish of its woodwork comes from coated abrasive paper for which Behr-Manning is famous. Its smooth tones come from precision parts that result from the uniform grinding action of Norton and Behr-Manning products.

The ash tray? No! The entire glass industry relies on Norton and Behr-Manning abrasive products for many grinding and cutting operations.

The cigarette? No! Norton and Behr-Manning abrasives contribute in many ways to smoking enjoyment. For example, the circular blades that cut cigarettes cleanly to size are continuously sharpened by Behr-Manning abrasive discs.

The stranger in the picture is the fly. Remember, any man-made product . . . whether of metal, wood, paper, cloth, leather, ceramics or plastics . . . depends in some important way on abrasives, abrasive products, refractories or grinding machines that bear such well-known trade-marks as Norton and Behr-Manning . . . the world's largest manufacturers of abrasives and abrasive products.

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something more elaborate is required. One proposal for rocket-driven craft is to use the intensely cold liquid oxygen fuel as a heat absorber.

Bottled Air. Another aeropause problem is air. Crewmen must have the kind of air they are accustomed to, and such air is hard to find in the aeropause. To compress the thin outside air to breathable density and dissipate the heat of compression would take heavy machinery, and the air so gathered might not be fit to breathe. At 100,000 ft. it contains enough ozone, formed out of oxygen by the sun's ultraviolet light, to poison crewmen. Probably the air they breathe will have to be "bottled."

As empty space approaches, the travelers will face a new difficulty, never before experienced by human beings. The earth's gravitational field still pulls at a space ship, but as soon as the craft is no longer supported by the air, its occupants feel no gravitation. They become weightless. In the comics they float around merrily, enjoying their new freedom, but in sober fact they will probably behave like stumbling idiots. The human body's sense-organs that control balance and muscular action need gravity to guide them. The crewmen of space ships will need a lot of training before they can make their bewildered bodies behave.

Danger from Rays. Outside the sheltering atmosphere, many kinds of violence strike at the space ship. Ultraviolet light and X rays from the sun are among the major hazards. Probably still more dangerous are the cosmic rays that come from mysterious sources deep in space. Many of them are heavy particles (entire atoms) with enormous energy. These violent particles never reach the earth's surface, but they would riddle a space ship, passing right through its crewmen. No one knows what damage they may do, for man has had none of them to experiment with. One authority, Nobelman H. J. Muller of Indiana University, believes that they may cause cancer.

The space-planners are not dismayed, however, by the dragons that await them above the blue sky. The Air Force men seemed to take it for granted that manned rockets, even manned satellites and space ships, are being designed already as serious, practical projects.

Faithful Reproducer

Electronic engineers loathe mechanical moving parts. One that has always bothered them is the light, vibrating diaphragm in the throat of a loudspeaker. Compared to the almost weightless electrons that flash through radio tubes, the loudspeaker membranes are sluggish. Their slow and clumsy response distorts the delicate signals brought to them by the electrons; the ordinary mechanical loudspeakers cannot reproduce the full range of music or the human voice. The ideal loudspeaker, the engineers have long believed, should have a diaphragm almost as weightless as the electrons themselves.

In the current issue of *Radio-Electron-*

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ics is a description of a French loudspeaker that comes close to this ideal. Its inventor, Paris-born Siegfried Klein, decided that the vibrating parts of a loudspeaker should be replaced by some device that would turn electrical signals directly into sound waves in the air. After many tries and failures, he developed his "Ionophone," a complicated device whose basic principle is simple.

Many substances, including platinum, give off ions (electrified particles) when heated to high temperature. At one end of the Ionophone's quartz tube is a small quartz cylinder with a coating that contains fine particles of platinum. When the platinum is heated electrically to about 1,000° C., it fills the horn-shaped cavity above it with a cloud of rapidly zigzagging ions. The ion cloud responds almost instantly to changes in the strength of a high-frequency electric field around the



INVENTOR KLEIN & IONOPHONE
Engineers love it.

little quartz cylinder, and the cloud's expansion and contraction set up sound waves. When a current carrying music or voice signals is fed to the apparatus, it turns into sound with almost no distortion.

To work at full efficiency, the Ionophone requires a large horn, but even the table model is a remarkable improvement on conventional loudspeakers. It is sensitive, Klein says, to sound waves up to 400,000 cycles per second. (The average human ear can hear only about 16,000 cycles, and the average home loudspeaker does not work well above 10,000.)

Klein already has contracts with leading European manufacturers of loudspeakers and electrical equipment. The Ionophone also has another talent, which should intrigue the military: it can be used as a microphone sensitive both to ordinary sounds and to ultrasonic vibrations. This should make it useful in submarine warfare, where ultrasonic ranging leads the hunters to their prey.

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SPORT

No. 42

(See Cover)

The score was 6-6 and the first half had only three minutes left. The ball was Princeton's, on Harvard's 31-yard line. Fourth down, nine to go.

As the orange & black huddle broke up, the Princeton team trotted into its single-wing formation. The quarterback barked, the ball shot back from the center. The slim tailback with No. 42 on his jersey took the pass, waist high; with practiced ease he threw a screen pass. It was good for a first down on the Harvard ten. On the next play, pivoting as precisely as a ballet dancer, No. 42 ran—he didn't seem to be running very fast—toward the right

ord of 19 straight games, and stretched the nation's longest winning streak to 20 games. With two more to go (Yale and Dartmouth), Kazmaier has already gained 1,470 yards running and passing this year, is topped nationally only by Drake's Johnny Bright (see PEOPLE).

Richard William Kazmaier is one of the nation's best football players. He is also a refreshing reminder, in the somewhat fetid atmosphere that has gathered around the pseudo-amateurs of U.S. sports, that winning football is not the monopoly of huge hired hands taking snap courses at football foundries. In a day when most backfields average 180 lbs., he is a slender 5 ft. 11 in., 171 lbs. He is a senior at a small university (3,000) that does not buy

sylvania and Lafayette, Caldwell was still stubbornly insisting: "This team hasn't the authority of last year's."

But after Princeton's 53-15 drubbing of Cornell, even cautious Charlie Caldwell had to admit that it looked as if he were heading for another perfect season. In a spectacular one-man show, Kazmaier ripped through the undefeated Cornell line, averaging seven yards a crack, completed a phenomenal 15 out of 17 passes and personally accounted for 360 yards gained—70% of Princeton's total and more—by half as much again—than the entire Cornell backfield.

Reporting that game, the New York Times's Allison Danzig called Kazmaier's performance "one of the greatest passing exhibitions ever seen on any gridiron since the introduction of the pass in 1906." The *Herald Tribune* decided that "Princeton's all-around operations on offense and defense and Dick Kazmaier's transcendent solo deeds against Cornell were the peak performances, team and individual, of a football coach's lifetime." Cornell's veteran coach, Lefty James, said simply, with the disarming candor of the defeated: "The greatest back I've ever seen."

By last week Princeton grads were earnestly stacking Kazmaier up against Old Nassau's football immortals—Garry LeVan, Jake Slagle, Sam White, Hector Cowan and Edgar Allan Poe, quarterback on the '89 team.* Undergraduates, howling gleefully in the stands, were comparing Kazmaier to players they had never seen—Tommy Harmon, Red Grange, Chris Cagle. On the record, Kaz ranks with the best of today's amateurs: Tennessee's Hank Lauricella, Illinois' Johnny Karras, Southern California's Frank Gifford. And on the record, for the second year in a row, he is an inevitable choice for All-America honors.

Practice for Perfection. The object of this superheated, though ephemeral, acclaim is a 20-year-old senior from Maumee (pop. 5,500), Ohio, who hardly looks the part of a triple-threat halfback. Off the football field, he is undistinguished and indistinguishable from hundreds of other Princeton undergraduates with their crew cuts and carefully sloppy clothes. He does not feel that he must die for dear old Princeton. A serious youth, he rates his serious interests in this order: 1) friends, 2) studies, 3) football. He plays the game because he likes it;† he plays superlatively well because, starting with a good share of natural ability, he also has a burning zeal to excel, which has made him a meticulous attender to details. At practice, he wants to know the reason for every split-second step in every play; once he is convinced, he practices until he has it, muscle-perfect.

On the practice field, under the orange



Myer Ostroff—International

FIRST TOUCHDOWN AGAINST HARVARD: KAZMAIER WITH BALL*
On Saturdays, the flame.

sideline. Harvard tacklers closed in. Just before they were on him, and with hardly a break in his stride, No. 42 cocked his right arm, and threw. A Princeton end, running toward the goal line—but he didn't seem to be going very fast either—caught the ball on the one-yard line. The fullback bucked it over. Princeton 12; Harvard 6. In the 70 seconds of playing time before the half was over, Princeton scored again—this time on an intercepted Harvard pass.

On the Princeton side of the stadium, the cheerleaders' megaphones bellowed. As the half ended, the Princeton stands rose, applauding. They were mostly applauding No. 42—Halfback Dick Kazmaier.

Before the afternoon was out, they had even more cause to cheer. Thanks mainly to Kazmaier's passing (for 222 yards—12 out of 16 completed, for three touchdowns), Harvard went down to its worst defeat ever inflicted by a Princeton team: 54 to 13. Princeton had broken its old rec-

ords football teams. At Princeton he has a scholarship, just as 42% of his teammates have (and 40% of all Princeton undergraduates). He is an above-average student majoring in psychology. He has no intention of using football as a passport to a professional athletic career.

Great, Greater, Greatest? When Princeton's varsity assembled for its first practice this fall, Kazmaier himself was the only holdover from the offensive platoon of Princeton's 1950 champions. Only five veterans were left in the defensive platoon. Coach Charlie Caldwell, like most other Princeton alumni, glumly figured that 1951 would be "rebuilding year." Even after Princeton rolled impressively over New York University, Navy, Penn-

* Faking a sweep around Princeton's left end behind his protective screen, Kazmaier passed to End Harvey Mathia, still blocked by Harvard's line (left). Mathia took the ball on Harvard's three-yard line, raced into the end zone for the score.

* And grandnephew of the author.

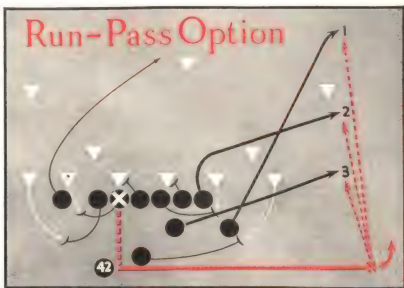
† A view that might have been considered heretical by Princeton's onetime (1910-10) Coach Bill Royer, who once exploded: "The people who think football is a game are crazy. Football is war!"

& black helmet that adds an anonymizing grimness to his features, Kazmaier shows more of the fussiness of the perfectionist than the jet-flaming drive of a great halfback. But the flame is building up: it appears on Saturdays. On the first play from scrimmage he is so tense that Quarterback Stevens has standing instructions not to let him handle the ball.* Once the warmup of the first play is over, Kazmaier takes off.

Poised in his tailback spot, Kazmaier provides the explosive charge that makes the Princeton attack the fearsome weapon it is. The defending team is never sure what Kazmaier is going to do: run, pass or quick kick. He is effective at all three. His running has no pounding power, no blinding speed. But a trail of sprawling, frustrated tacklers attests to a swivel-hipped shiftiness, a ball-bearing glide that enable him to change pace or direction without losing stride. Judd Timm, the Princeton backfield coach, an ex-trackman at Illinois, describes Kazmaier's running style: "He runs 'light,' with a nice forward lean; if he wants to slow down to pick up a blocker, he just straightens up a bit."

Unstoppable Play. When the opposing defense tightens to stop the running attack, Kazmaier is even more dangerous. He is a sharpshooting passer, and he has the rare ability of throwing on the dead run. His jump passes (i.e., short gainers) are thrown "hard," of necessity; he has to get them off fast. The deeper ones, depending on the situation, are sometimes floaters. His biggest asset is accuracy. "Kaz always hits 'em on the back of the head," says admiring Coach Caldwell.

Kazmaier's kicking is also a source of satisfaction to Caldwell: "We have boys who can kick the ball farther—though Kaz can boot it 60 yards—but none so



Time Diagram by Jere Danneberg

dependable. We want high, accurate kicks so our tacklers can get underneath the ball." And here again Kazmaier gets them off fast, and has to: for "protection" time he is allowed only 1.5 seconds.

On Caldwell's run-pass option play (see diagram), Kazmaier's triple talents come into full use. This is the key play, on which the success of the Princeton attack depends. Kazmaier starts to run laterally as the ball is snapped. He takes the pass from center while three possible receivers start downfield—each to different depths. A fourth receiver, the end on the weak side, keeps the safety man decoyed. The deep man is, of course, the primary target. But if all four receivers are blanketed, Kazmaier can just tuck the ball under his arm and take off through the thinly spread defense while his receivers turn into down-

field blockers. Canny Coach Caldwell points out the simple beauty of the play: "The defense just can't cope with both the pass and the threat of the run, but only a player like Kazmaier makes it as unstoppable as it is."

Infantry Attack. In the days before the fast-breaking T formation, the single-wing offense was like a massed infantry attack. It was based on sheer power, with two-on-one blocking in the line to force short but sure gains. Caldwell's single-wing is still geared to the power block, but the whole attack is more like an armored spearhead, which concentrates its full weight for short spurts but always threatens to go the whole distance to the goal line.

The old-style muscleman would be completely befuddled by Caldwell's intricate offensive formations (24 in all) or the 36 spreads and shifts of the defense. Caldwell feels that agility is more important than size. Princeton's biggest regular defensive lineman is 198-lb. End Frank McPhee. Says Caldwell: "Most of our heavyweights are on the Jayvee. A slow reactor can't play for us. What we require is, first, speed and second, intelligence. Dumb football players can't play our game."

To keep his players nimble, Caldwell has borrowed one of the tortures of the academic Inquisition. Every Sunday afternoon, in a darkened room in Osborn Clubhouse, the coaching staff gathers before a movie screen. The film of the last game is run off, slow motion, and every player's every play is dissected and graded by the coaching staff. Later, the players get their marks individually—and for each one a spot on next week's lineup is at stake. The grades range from 1 "for superb effort like a triple block," to 7 "for a bonehead play or a costly fumble." A grade of 4 is average. Against Cornell, Kazmaier had a "perfect" game; he never slipped below 4, and got three of the five ones the coaching staff gave out.

The linemen are checked as meticulous-

* A ground rule that wily Coach Caldwell is always capable of breaking against an unwary opponent.



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ly as the backs. Under Caldwell's system, the unsung offensive lineman has to be almost as alert as the quarterback in diagnosing the defense. In fact, the offensive lineman is often a signal caller for his own particular area, calling for specialized blocks in cadence with the quarterback. This innovation of "line quarterbacking," according to Caldwell, insures efficient blocking for an opening, and counteracts any sudden defensive shift. And since the singlewing attack depends on the precision and effectiveness of two-on-one blocking, Princeton players are taught a bewildering variety,* from the simple "shoulder" block to such ramifications as the cross-body, reverse cross-body and "peelback" blocks (i.e., blocks thrown behind the runner, "peeling" them off his back so that he has room to move laterally in his downfield progress).

Orange & Black & Blue. This kind of blocking, plus astute "line quarterbacking," rips open holes big enough for any back, and Kazmaier is the first to acknowledge his debt to the hard-charging Princeton line. He is also blessed with half a dozen agile, sure-fingered pass receivers like Quarterback George Stevens, Ends Len Lyons and McPhee, one of the few who plays on both the offensive and defensive platoons and himself a likely All-America candidate. And one of the big reasons for Princeton's success this year is the defensive platoon, "quarterbacked" by Captain Dave Hickock. "They are the players," says Caldwell, "who let us get our hands on that ball."

Kazmaier's attitude towards his teammates who play defense is deferential and slightly superstitious. When the defense is making a stand deep in Princeton territory, Kazmaier watches from the bench with his helmet off, so as not to put the "whummy" on them. Kazmaier himself has made no more than two or three tackles since his sophomore year. He is too valuable a property to risk on that jarring job. But he gets his share of lumps and bumps by enduring a series of smashing tackles and pile-ons whenever he runs, by getting knocked flat when he passes or kicks. The big white 42 on Kazmaier's chest and back marks the No. 1 target for every opposing player.

Boom! Boom! Boom! A fortnight ago, after a rugged game against Brown—a game which Kazmaier won, 12-0, with touchdown sprints of 13 and 61 yards on a field piebald with mud and snow—Trainer Eddie Zanfrini gave Caldwell the casualty report, ending with: "My gosh, Kaz is black and blue all over." But Dick is durable. In three years of varsity competition, he has missed only one sequence of plays (two minutes) when he was needed. That time he was knocked cold.

Princeton looks good this year—and

* Sample (for the post and lead block), as Author Caldwell explains it in his *Modern Single Wing Football*: "The lead man takes his first step with his left foot, moving six inches to the right to get a better blocking position. As he does this, the post blocker takes a step laterally and slightly back with his right foot to put himself directly in front of the opponent's charge."



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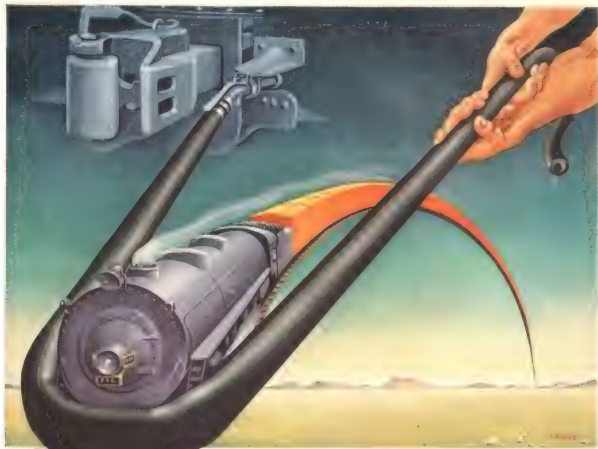
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last—but how good is it? Like most of the other little old uncles of the Ivy League, it plays only Eastern teams. How would Princeton stack up against the power-packed Big Ten in the Midwest, or the sun-kissed giants of the West Coast? Last week an Associated Press poll of sportswriters ranked Princeton right behind Tennessee, Illinois and Maryland—and ahead of Michigan State and U.S.C. Many Western sportswriters, contemptuous of Eastern football, think that rating much too high. Others, looking at what happened last week to two of Princeton's victims (Cornell, which beat Michigan, 20-7; Penn, which held Wisconsin to 16-7), would put undefeated Princeton even higher. Princeton's Charlie Caldwell, 1950's Coach of the Year, takes the middle, or Caldwell, view. He thinks that Princeton, on any given day, could hold its own with



KAZMAIER & STEVENS
Friends and studies come first.

any team in the nation. But meeting powerhouse teams week after week would be another matter. Princeton is a small college, with a small squad—and only one Kazmaier. Says Caldwell: "Our schedule is easy, hard—easy, hard. In the Big Ten, for example, it's boom! boom! boom! We haven't the depth to stand that."

Princeton, like most of the Ivy League, is short of football material for the simple reason that it is not a competitive bidder in the football market. Under a "Big Three" agreement Harvard, Yale and Princeton exchange information on all their varsity football players. Competitive bidding, in the form of scholarship offers, is frowned on. Each athlete must fill out a form showing the source of his finances; if any extracurricular subsidy crops up, the player is declared ineligible. Dick Kazmaier is a good example of how well that system works.

Not Big Enough. Princeton's director of admissions recalls his first meeting with the 155-lb. youngster who was to write a

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new chapter of Princeton football history: "Kazmaier had been recommended as an all-round high school athlete, and I didn't know what to think when I saw that peanut walk in." He wrote a kindly comment on Dick's card: "Probably not big enough for college athletics." But Princeton was glad to have Kazmaier: it was interested in him for other reasons.

"The kind of boy we want," says Princeton's director of student aid, "is the one who's going to run the Community Chest in his home town some day... We want him to be in the top 8% of his class, to be class president, editor of the school paper..." Kazmaier fits the pattern: his high school grades were mostly A's and he had been president of his class and of Hi-Y. He got his scholarship—a \$400 grant, which falls \$200 short of Princeton's tuition fee; he lost it for one term last year because his grades slipped during football season.

Even though Princeton was slow to appreciate him as an athlete, he had been a five-letter man at Maumee High School. He quarterbacked the football team, shortstopped the baseball team, was high scorer on the basketball team (23 points a game), the fastest man on the track team (10.3 seconds for the 100-yard dash), No. 3 man on the golf team (middle 80s). Though he never made an All-State team, these feats did not pass unnoticed. In fact, 23 colleges approached him with offers.

Right by Instinct. Dick was originally steered to Princeton by an alert alumnus, a Toledo lawyer named Gilmore Flues ('26). Flues, watching Dick play in a losing football game, was impressed by the way the youngster "instinctively did the right thing." Flues enlisted the aid of another Princeton friend, Henry Dodge ('32), to get Dick interested in Princeton. As plant manager of Owens-Ford in Toledo, Dodge knew and liked Dick's father, Richard Sr., one of Libby-Owens' assistant plant superintendents. In the fall of his senior year at Maumee, Dick visited the Princeton campus and made up his mind then & there.

To get into Princeton, Dick had to pass the College Board exams. To stay there, he had to do odd jobs around the campus (waiting on table, driving laundry trucks) to supplement his scholarship. And since a year at Princeton costs a minimum of \$1,700, he had to work every summer to get more money. Last summer, Dick combined business with business: he worked in the personnel department of Libby-Owens and, after hours, gathered data on labor-management relations for his 25,000-word senior thesis.

He went out for freshman football, of course; but as a 155-lb. freshman substitute, Dick got lost in the shuffle until the final game, when he earned a starting role. In spring training, when Caldwell first got a good look at him, he figured that Kaz was too light for varsity football. Not until the Rutgers* game, his sophomore

* The Rutgers-Princeton game, in 1869, was the first football game in the U.S. Score: Rutgers, 6 goals; Princeton, 4.

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year, did Kazmaier demonstrate that he was tough enough to stand the gaff. "From then on," recalls Coach Caldwell, "I knew we had something." And from then on, Dick was a starting regular.

One of a Time. Though Dick "intentionally and willingly" lets his studies slide during football season, he hopes to graduate with honors in psychology. He plans a business career in labor-management relations. After the football season is over, he will get after his studies again. But he likes "to do one thing at a time." At the moment, he is chiefly interested in the grades he gets from Coach Caldwell.

Dick credits his concentration on the job at hand to his father, "who cracked the whip on me if I got out of line." And he comes naturally by his concentration on football. His father was captain of the Toledo University football team, and both his uncles were football coaches. The three



James F. Cahane
RICHARD KAZMAIER SR.
Mother sends the cookies.

Kazmaier brothers have followed and fostered Dick's athletic career with expert eyes, though neither they nor Dick's high-school coach ever dreamed they had an All-America performer in their backyard. Dick's father, his foremost fan, who constantly admonishes his son not "to get a swelled head," hops into the family's 1951 Chevrolet almost every weekend and drives the 600-odd miles from Maumee to watch his son play.

Dick's mother, who has recently been seriously ill, seldom makes the trip. She contributes to her son's career in another way: big batches of homemade cookies sent once a week. Her influence is also evident in Dick's room in 1903 ("Oughty-Three") Hall. The desk is neat as a pin, the bed made tight, the clothes hung up. Dick's roommate, Defensive Halfback John McGillicuddy, is more normally messy, and, as Dick points out, "you don't have any trouble telling our stuff apart."

Dick has eight other roommates in the

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suite. Only one of them is a football player (Quarterback Stevens); most of them are members of Princeton's Cottage Club, one of the 17 "eating" clubs established when Princeton abolished national fraternities in 1875. When Dick is not in training, he likes a couple of beers with his friends—"though I get stinko on four." As for girls, he has no "steady." "I haven't got time," he explains.

Five in a Row. One good reason he hasn't got time is football. Though Princeton is limited to only two hours' practice a day ("If they can't learn the stuff in that time, they're not bright enough for me," says Caldwell), for the next two weeks Kazmaier & Co. will be busy young men. With the Harvard game behind them, this week they go after another mark against Yale: Princeton's fifth straight "Big Three" title. If they win that one, they will break the record of four in a row that Percy Haughton's Harvard elevens made in 1912-15.

After the Dartmouth game, a week from Saturday, Kazmaier expects to give up football for good. Next season, somebody else may wear No. 42. Professional football? "Only if I get a pretty fabulous offer [i.e., \$15,000 for four months' work]. But I've got the Army to think about after graduation. These are pretty uncertain times to be making plans far in advance." Young Mr. Kazmaier believes in touchdowns, and means to make them—but on any particular play he'll settle for his seven yards.

Who Won

¶ Lawrence ("Yogi") Berra, the New York Yankees' hard-hitting (27 homers) catcher, the Baseball Writers' poll as most valuable American League player of the year. In close second place: St. Louis Pitcher Ned Garver, who won 20 games for the hapless Browns.

¶ Colonel Humberto Mariles of the Mexican Army equestrian team, five of nine jumping contests, a record individual performance, at the National Horse Show; in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden.

¶ Stanford University's football team, an inside track to the Rose Bowl by upsetting the University of Southern California with three fourth-quarter touchdowns, 27-20. The tide-turning play: a 96-yard kick-off return for a touchdown by Stanford Fullback Bob Mathias, Olympic and world's record decathlon champion. Other notable results: Michigan State over Notre Dame, 35-0, for the worst Irish defeat since its 48-0 rout by Army in 1945; unbeaten Illinois, No. 1 Big Ten team, over Iowa, 40-13; Tennessee, ranked No. 1 in the U.S., its 17th in a row over Washington & Lee, 60-14.

¶ Tommy Bolt, of Durham, N.C., the North and South Open Golf tournament; at neighboring Pinehurst. Bolt, an unheralded pro, upheld U.S. golf prestige over Britain's visiting Ryder Cup team after all but one of the U.S. team members withdrew. Most notable of the defeated: Defending Champion Sam Snead. U.S. Ryder Cup captain, who quit after a second-round 78.

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EDUCATION

Yank at Bonn

In the great hall of the University of Bonn one day last week, retiring Rector Ernst Friesenhahn stood before 1,000 students, professors and guests to say a few words about himself and his successor. "It seems symbolic to me," said he, "that a rector who was refused a teaching position by the Nazis in 1933 is succeeded by a rector who was dismissed by the Nazis in 1933." Thereupon, anti-Nazi Ernst Friesenhahn, who will return to teaching law, took off his crimson cap and gown, handed the symbols of his office to anti-Nazi Werner Richter.

First in Germany. The change of command at Bonn last week was symbolic in more ways than one. For Werner Richter, 63, is not only a longtime anti-Nazi, he is also a U.S. citizen—the first ever to be elected head of a major German university.* A onetime full professor at the University of Berlin, he was driven out of Germany by the Nazis, took out citizenship papers in the U.S., has been teaching on U.S. campuses (Elmhurst College in Illinois, Muhlenberg College in Pennsylvania) since 1938. It was only on a temporary basis that he returned to Germany after the war—in the hope that he might help to build up her universities again.

But when he began teaching at Bonn in 1948, the university soon found that it liked what he had learned about U.S. ways of education. Students flocked to his seminars, crowded into his lectures, and Richter himself rose to the rank of dean of the philosophy faculty. Said one student: "He is the only professor with a universal approach. The others keep their eyes glued to their specialty."

U.S. Imports. As rector, Werner Richter hopes to spread his "universal approach." The university he heads was once one of Germany's greatest—a place that boasted such great names as Historian von Treitschke and Physicist von Helmholtz, such alumni as Nietzsche and Carl Schurz. But like other German institutions, it had fallen into rigid habits—a narrow scholarship for narrow specialists.

Richter hopes to introduce a *studium generale*—a sort of core curriculum which all students will have to take. He also wants to introduce the idea of a U.S. college, setting up a model house for 150 students who will live and study together. And he is planning on one other import from his adopted homeland. "This university has more than 6,000 students," says he, "and only eight are Americans. This must be changed at once."

* Last week, Germany got a second: Jewish Sociologist Max Horkheimer, who was elected rector of Frankfurt's Johann Wolfgang Goethe University. In 1933 the Nazis drove Horkheimer from the country, closed the famed Institute for Social Research which he had founded. This week, Rector Horkheimer, now a U.S. citizen, will have the pleasure of seeing his institute opened again.



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Troubled Tots

Just like the grownups', a child's world is full of worries. But the teachers cannot always find out what the worries are. Last week the Science Research Associates of Chicago published a "Junior Inventory" of problems to help bewildered adults.

To compile the inventory, two psychologists—H. H. Remmers of Purdue University and Robert H. Bauernfeind of Carleton College—questioned 6,000 school kids on every sort of problem from "I have to go to bed too early" to "I hit my sister." One-fourth of the children, they found, are chronic hypochondriacs, worried about all sorts of aches and pains (e.g., "I have a thumping . . ." "Sometimes I get real dizzy"). And almost as many are worried because "I am not nice-looking."

About 15% of the children think "I say the wrong thing at the wrong time," but only 2% are out & out misanthropes ("I don't like people"). As for school, 20% don't like it and 12% hate spelling in particular; but 25% wish they knew how to read better. One out of three thinks he bites his fingernails too much, and four out of ten wish they knew what they are going to be when they grow up.

Oddly enough, say the psychologists, more rural children than urban are afraid of animals, more Westerners than Easterners wish "we had a nice house," and more Midwesterners than any others are worried about their pimples. Girls are apt to be a bit more morbid than boys, but 16% of all the children sometimes wish for death.

Among the 6,000 children, Psychologists Remmers and Bauernfeind found a few tots wise beyond their years. Said one fourth-grader: "I have no troubles. But I'll have some afterwards."

School for Organizers

In his eleven years as director of Manhattan's Xavier Labor School, Father Philip Carey has become a familiar figure to thousands of working men & women. He is a mild and scholarly Jesuit whose students are electricians, scrubwomen, plumbers, bus drivers, pipe fitters, and wire lathers. The lesson Father Carey teaches them: how to build strong and effective unions.

Last week, as the first term of the academic year ended at Xavier, 150 men & women were enrolled. But these were only a fraction of the school's real student body. This month, while New York's dock strike raged (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Xavier's assistant director, Father John Corridan, was devoting full time to a steady stream of longshoremen coming for advice. The school never takes sides in such disputes; its influence is felt only indirectly. But over the years, union men all over the East have come to realize that Jesuits Carey and Corridan are as wise about labor problems as any men alive.

Men & Integrity. When Philip Carey began at Xavier in 1940, there was urgent need for such wisdom. One of the main sources of trained labor leaders was the Communist Party and one purpose of

Xavier, says Father Carey, was "to train men who could do the job better than the Communists—men who would have integrity." Today, there are more than 100 Catholic labor schools turning out such men, and Xavier stands among the leaders on the list.

The school's formal course lasts two years, and students of every faith are welcome. Tuition (which is often waived): \$5. There are night classes in public speaking and parliamentary procedure, labor ethics and law, in economics and trade union methods. Xavier's volunteer faculty (three lawyers, ten union officers, two businessmen and the two priests) translates its subjects into down-to-earth problems. Students study contracts, sample constitutions, hold mock conventions and negotiation meetings. Sometimes, actual



Frank H. Bower—President

JESUIT CAREY

First protection, then brotherhood.

union problems come before their "grievance clinics," with representatives of management on hand to talk things over with the union.

Leadership & Dignity. Since 1936, Xavier has turned out 6,000 alumni from the big, sprawling schoolbuilding on West 16th Street. Once Father Carey's students leave, he never interferes with them. But if they want to come back (and most do), his door is always open. His alumni have led in organizing locals of the Utility Workers Union, the National Federation of Telephone Workers, the brewery workers and the bus drivers. He has watched the alumni rid local after local of Communists and racketeers.

But such results, says Father Carey, are only one phase of Xavier's mission. It is not enough merely to teach men to protect themselves. More important is to instill in them the Christian principle of helping others. "The object of the school," says he, "is not only to train men for intelligent leadership. It is to promote God's law on the dignity and brotherhood of man."

TIME, NOVEMBER 19, 1951

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ART

Trinkets for Treasures

For six years, Dr. Johannes Itten, director of Zurich's Kunstgewerbemuseum had glumly watched while the Swiss government dickered futilely with Russian-controlled East Germany for the return of 23 valuable oriental sculptures belonging to his museum. The Russians had picked them up at war's end and presented them as spoils of war to their German satellite.

Then one morning, Dr. Itten spotted a newspaper notice of the death of Titus Kammerer, host to Nikolai Lenin during his exile in Switzerland. Hastening to the bereaved home, Itten struck a bargain with Kammerer's son for a tea glass, a strainer and two butter knives, the only mementos left behind by Russia's revolutionary deity. Itten completed the deal just as a Soviet delegation drove up.

Last week, after a brief, pointed correspondence with East Germany's President Wilhelm Pieck, Dr. Itten went to Berlin's Soviet sector. There he solemnly handed his box of trinkets (*i.e.*, priceless Communist relics) over to East Germany's State Art Commission, watched grunting Germans load his precious statues on to a Swiss truck. An "exemplary cultural exchange," announced the art commissar grandly, Dr. Itten did not crack a smile.

Cross-Eyed Conqueror

In his sprawling mural cavalcades of Mexican history, Diego Rivera has painted at least four portraits of Conquistador Hernando Cortés, always as a handsome, broad-shouldered hero. Last week Rivera fans, examining his latest addition to the murals in Mexico City's National Palace,



RIVERA'S CORTÉS
Why be a victim of "history"?

met a new character, a cross-eyed, hunch-backed, bowlegged cretin. "It's Sancho Panza," was their immediate reaction. Nonsense, barked Rivera, "It's Cortés."

"I have been a victim of history," explained Rivera, whose low-browed Cortés fits current Mexican Nationalist versions of the Spanish adventurer. "All the pictures of Cortés that historians have shown us up to now are really copies of Emperor Charles the Fifth. When Cortés was alive, he never allowed a picture of himself to

be made."* Rivera said he based his new Cortés on scientific examination of the Spaniard's cranium and leg bones, discovered in 1947 in a floor crypt of the Mexico City's ancient Hospital of Jesus. "I have painted Cortés this way to give an exact idea of him and destroy the legend."

"It is ridiculous," replied Dr. Javier Romero, anthropologist at Mexico's National Museum. "True, Cortés' legs were slightly bowed, as are those of most habitual horsemen, but it is impossible to determine from the skull whether the man was balding, whiskered, cross-eyed and humpbacked."

Rivera was not the least taken aback. Pointing out that one of anthropology's favorite activities is reconstructing whole races from a few scattered bones, he snorted contemptuously, "the opinion of Mr. Romero is anti-anthropological."

Neo-Realism in Paris

When President Vincent Auriol set out last week to open Paris' big annual art show, the Salon d'Automne, he had no reason to look for any excitement. Even the salon officials admitted that the show, once a thunderous battleground for France's great art innovators, was pretty tepid stuff. Said the show's catalogue: "It is probably true that the young men of today no longer have a taste for those violent battles."

Outside the exhibition in the Grand Palais, however, the President was met by an indignant cabinet member. André Marie, Minister of National Education, "*Monsieur le Président*," sputtered Minister Marie, "something inadmissible is going on. There are those here who are using this salon to make political propaganda." President Auriol, thus briefed, refused to open the show until seven offending canvases were removed. Painted in poster style by a Communist group calling themselves "the new realists," they ranged from Gérard Singer's "The 14th of February, 1950, at Nice" (*see cut*), full of Delacroix sound & fury, showing brawling dockers dumping armaments into the Mediterranean, to Marie-Ann Lansioux's stiff, wooden-faced workers May Day-parading down a Paris boulevard.

Immediately, both the Communist and conservative press were on the President's back. Such an act by the government, stormed the Communist *Ce Soir*, had not occurred since the days of Napoleon III. Said the conservative *Figaro*: "This is not the first time that samples of proletarian neo-realism have been presented at official expositions. Their striking bad faith and mediocre workmanship have brought forth smiles or even good laughs. The regime did not find itself menaced, and it was, in the end, good anti-Communist propaganda. . . . The intervention of the police seems clumsy; why make those who are ridiculous into martyrs?"



SINGER'S "THE 14TH OF FEBRUARY, 1950, AT NICE"
Why turn the ridiculous into martyrs?

Clavin

* There are three or four portraits in existence with some claim to having been painted in Cortés' lifetime. Bernal Díaz del Castillo described him around 1498 as being "of a good height and body and well proportioned. . . . His chest will-his and his back of a good shape, and he was lean and of little belly."



MOTHERWELL'S MURAL: TABLETS, LADDER, ARK & CANDILABRUM

Frank Lerner

SIGNS & SYMBOLS

Hebrew tradition forbids representational art in synagogues, favors abstract signs and symbols. In the decoration of his Millburn, N.J. temple, Rabbi Max Gruenewald has cast a bold vote for three of the most advance-guard U.S. abstractionists. All three—Herbert Ferber, Adolph Gottlieb and Robert Motherwell (whose paintings Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III collects)—have been labeled "intrasubjectivists," meaning that each tries to express his own subconscious. Motherwell's oil-on-Masonite mural is abstract but understandable. The completed half of Gottlieb's silk velvet curtain for the Ark indicates that his subconscious is more abstruse than Motherwell's. For the temple façade, Ferber has designed a tangle of lead-coated spikes representing the "Burning Bush." The building itself is more conservatively modern (except for two stones salvaged from Rabbi Gruenewald's Nazi-destroyed synagogue in Mannheim). Designed by Architect Percival Goodman, the new synagogue is clear-lined, colorful and functional.



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MUSIC

Little Egypt Off Broadway

The Metropolitan Opera's Margaret Webster hoped "that the [opening night] audience will not look for anything especially startling or different in [our new] *Aida*, for I don't think they will find it." That, as General Manager Rudolf Bing later remarked, was only because Margaret Webster had never seen *Aida* before. To him, "it looks completely different—and I have seen it before."

Those in the gala audience who had also seen *Aida* before were a good bet to side with Rudolf Bing on opening night this week. They would not even have to look around for something startling and



NIKOLAIDI & MILANOV
A good shape for a shade.

different: the stunning new sets and costumes were designed to smack them right in the eyes.

Wobbling Sphinxes. To build the new production of Verdi's triumphal tragedy of the Nile, Bing had brought in the same crack team that gave Verdi's *Don Carlo* a new glow last season: Broadway's Maggie Webster and Designer Rolf Gerard. They soon found out what everyone from Bing to Conductor Fausto Cleva definitely did not want: "All those wobbling sphinxes, painted canvas temples, unheard-of suppers in ridiculous costumes, and four-footed beasts." They set out to make the new *Aida* "as simple and uncluttered as possible."

Making up for her neglect of *Aida*, Maggie Webster spent hours with score and libretto, and decided that there was more to it than mere heart-warming and blood-tingling melodrama—more than "Love, Jealousy and Sacrifice in capital letters." As in *Don Carlo*, she found in *Aida* the "tragedy of individuals caught up in a conflict with the dictates of an autocracy." She also decided to start fresh



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with her stage direction, and not delve into the "encrustations of tradition."

Purples & Pinks. For his part, Designer Gerard wanted to create an "effect" of Egypt that the modern eye could accept and believe. Emphasizing massiveness ("a Rockefeller Center without windows") rather than the usual archeological detail, his Egypt sometimes seems closer to Broadway than the Nile. Even so, it is effective: his third-act temple looms 36 feet high, four feet higher than his *Don Carlo* sets (which broke Met records). As he did in *Don Carlo*, he moved everything down close to the footlights so that many in the Met's 500 "blind" seats could see. But what would especially hit the audiences is color—reds, blues, greens, purples, pinks and yellows. Seldom in its history had the Met's old stage flashed with such brilliant array as in the second-act pageant where Radames returns in triumph from his campaign against the Ethiopians; the scene onstage comes close to matching the color of Verdi's music.

Old Shakespearean Webster hoped "that the shade of Verdi may be heard to murmur 'I have not been betrayed.'" A first-rate cast was listed to do its part: Veteran Soprano Zinka Milanov as Aida, Elena Nikolaidi as Amneris, new Italian Tenor Mario del Monaco as Radames and George London as Amonastro. Some first-nighters might even hear Verdi's shade murmur, "In better shape than e'er I was."

Nickel Serenade

Manager Ralph Black of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra needed a gimmick to back up his theory that most people simply do not know a good bargain in music when they see one. After all, he thought, \$8.20 for a student's season ticket to his orchestra's concerts was really dirt cheap. With the help of a slide rule, stop watch and timing book, Manager Black last week worked out his gimmick.

A nickel's worth of jukebox tune, which runs about 2½ minutes, costs 2.2¢ a minute, he calculated. Buffalo's ten-concert season costs (at two hours for each concert) a little more than half a cent a minute. Black's conclusion: the jukebox player pays about four times as much for his scratchy grind music as he would for live symphonic music. And that is not all, reported Black. If the orchestra, like a jukebox, should stop playing every 2½ minutes, "the student would have to make 53 trips to the podium during the symphony season and drop a nickel in [Conductor William] Steinberg to get the orchestra started again."

Old Woodwind

Hungarians once used the ancient tarogato—a deep-toned, clarinet-like woodwind of remote Tibetan ancestry—much as the Romans, and the Scots and Irish after them, used the bagpipe: the tarogato's sound was a stirring call to war. In skirmishes with their Austrian rulers in the early 1700s, patriotic tarogato players could arouse their fellow peasants to wild combat fury merely by playing their favorite songs of freedom. The annoyed

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Austrians finally saw the point, and burned every tarogato they could find.

But a few of the instruments survived, and one 130-year-old copy turned up at Manhattan's Carnegie Hall last week in the hands of Musician Francis Lantos, a Hungarian-born refugee. Lantos' countryman, Composer Tibor Serly (who deciphered and scored Bartok's famed *Viola Concerto*), had written his plaintive *Chamber Folk Music* for violin, piano and tarogato in 1948, but until recently had found no one who could make the instrument sing. Lantos, who broadcasts over



Frank Stein

LANTOS (PLAYING TAROGATO) & SERLY
For freedom's songs.

Radio Free Europe, is an old hand at the tarogato; he charmed Carnegie Hall's audience with his skillful exposition of its haunting personality. Although the instrument has a range of only two octaves—excluding it from ordinary orchestra work—its tone is rich and expressive; its sound is as compelling as any instrument in the woodwind family.

But compelling or not, its sound, refugees say, can no longer be heard in Hungary. The Communist regime, recalling how the tarogato's vibrant voice of freedom made trouble for the Austrians, has banned it.

New Records

"In response to widespread public demand," RCA Victor has been reaching into its vault, doling out items on LP from its "Treasury of Immortal Performances." Last week two "Treasury" releases made record news.

Mozart: Don Giovanni (John Brownlee, baritone; Ina Souez, Audrey Mildmay and Luise Helletsgruber, sopranos; Koloman von Pataky, tenor; Salvatore Baccaloni, bass; the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra and Chorus, Fritz Busch conducting; 6 sides LP). First released in the U.S. in 1938 in a 78-r.p.m. album, this is still the best performance of the *Don* on



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records; no one voice is brilliantly outstanding, but the temper of the ensemble more than makes up for that. The sound, good on shellac, is, if anything, improved on LP.

Debussy: Pelléas and Mélisande (Irene Joachim, soprano; Germaine Cernay, contralto; Jacques Jansen, tenor; Paul Cabanel, bass; Etcheverry, baritone; the Yvonne Gouverné Chorus and orchestra, Roger Désormière conducting; 6 sides LP). This recording grew out of a 40th anniversary performance of Debussy's nebulous nightshade opera at the Paris Opéra-Comique in 1942. It is now released for the first time in the U.S., and *Pelléas* partisans will find it well worth the wait. Recording: excellent.

Other new records:

Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 (Guiomar Novaes, piano, with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Otto Klemperer conducting; Vox, 2 sides LP). Even those who prefer the old Schnabel versions will have to concede that Madame Novaes, a pianist in the same grand tradition, has something to say. Recording: somewhat harsh.

Berlioz: The Childhood of Christ (soloists of the Paris Opéra, the Raymond St. Paul Chorus, Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, André Cluytens conducting; Vox, 4 sides LP). This interesting and exciting work reveals another facet of the ebullient Berlioz—tenderness without bombast. Performance: good. Recording: fair.

Chopin: Nocturnes (Artur Schnabel, pianist; Victor, 4 sides LP). Chopin has always been Rubinstein's dish; in this new recording of all 19 nocturnes, he performs memorably. Recording: excellent.

Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Ilona Steingruber, soprano; Hilde Rössl-Majdan, alto; the Akademie Chamber Chorus and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Otto Klemperer conducting; Vox, 4 sides LP). The first of Mahler's king-sized symphonies, the "Resurrection" has moments of power and reverent beauty, and more traces of form than his later ones. The performance is good, the recording harsh.

Stravinsky: The Rite of Spring (the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conducting; Victor, 2 sides LP). Retiring San Francisco Symphony Conductor Monteux cuts himself a fitting memorial. He gave this still fierce-sounding work its riotous Paris première 37 years ago; here, leading the orchestra with which he began his U.S. symphonic career in 1919, he surely equals the fire and versatility of that first performance. Recording: excellent.

Wagner: Die Walküre, Act III (Astrid Varnay, soprano; Sigurd Bjorling, baritone; the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra and Chorus, Herbert von Karajan conducting; Columbia, 4 sides LP). A faithful record—down to the last cough—of what Wagner lovers heard at Bayreuth last summer—most notably the sumptuous soprano of the U.S.'s Astrid Varnay, who can just about pick up Brünnhilde's helmet where Flagstad put it down. The recording, cursed occasionally with sagging pitch, is otherwise excellent.



REPORT NO. 482: "My Ford F-3 ranch/workhorse" rolled up 5,166 miles in the Economy Run," says rancher George Stephens. "Truck running expense for gas, oil, maintenance and repairs was exactly \$122.97 ... that's about a \$20 bill per month."



REPORT NO. 542: "Keeping 8 crop-dusting planes in the air is a neat trick for a truck that hauls for less than 2½¢ a mile," says Robert Wachs. "Running costs for our Economy Run Ford F-1 Pickup averaged \$61.07 for 2,509 miles of trucking a month."



REPORT NO. 3863: "We'll put our Fords up against any other lumber trucks," says Larry King. "In the big Economy Run our Ford F-8 big job averaged 5,819 miles with a thrifty, low cost of only \$223.16 per month for all gas, oil and maintenance."

50 million-mile Economy Run shows HOW LITTLE IT COSTS to run a FORD TRUCK in your kind of work!

Here's another Ford first! New "Final Results" record, based on over 5,500 running cost reports from 48 states, lets you check truck running costs on over 195 different jobs!

The purpose of the nationwide Economy Run was to give businessmen and truck operators dependable on-the-job truck running cost figures. These figures are published so that you can:

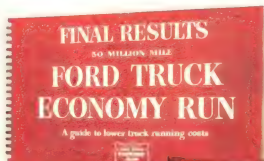
- See before you buy just how little it does cost to run Ford Trucks
- See what size trucks cost the least to run in various kinds of work
- See how your running costs compare with others in your kind of work

Are all running cost figures included? Yes! The "Final Results" book shows all gas, oil, maintenance and repair costs reported by users of 1948, 1949 and 1950 model Ford Trucks. It does not include the established economy of Ford's last-longer construction, or the time-savings of outstanding Ford performance.

Were special truck models used? No! All trucks were stock model chassis. All of them were equipped with the gas-saving Power Pilot. There was no special coaching of drivers.

Can this book help YOU? Yes! Definitely! The Economy Run book is a service to business which may save you real money. It gives you a standard of comparison, or "yardstick," on one of the big expense items in your business.

What does the book show? The Economy Run book shows that in your kind of business, even the biggest Ford Trucks haul for only a few pennies a mile, and that all Ford Trucks cost downright little to run. See the book at your Ford Dealer's today!



Accumulation of equipment, maintenance, gasoline, oil, and repairs on independent job material (1948-1950 model trucks)

King-size economy is yours in any size Ford Truck from the 145-horsepower big job shown, to the smallest 95-horsepower Pickup. You can see that for yourself in the Economy Run report. Choose from over 180 Ford Truck models; two V-8 and two 6-cylinder engines; two five-cube, the 5-STAR and (at slight added cost) the 5-STAR EXTRA.

See "Ford Festiva!" starring James Melton on NBC-TV.

In payroll calculations, invoicing, inventory—all office figure-work—
you'll marvel at time-savings made possible by the Friden *fully-automatic*
Calculator. No special operator training needed: the Friden does the thinking!

Major Figure Tasks of Business lightened by the Friden



Automatically
IT TAKES WORK
OUT OF FIGURE-WORK

EXCLUSIVE features enable the Friden to handle more steps in figure-work *without operator decisions* than any other calculating machine ever developed.

Once the operator sets a problem on the keyboard—and touches the proper control keys—no added human motions are required. The Friden automatically “thinks out” accurate answers.

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Figure on a Friden **NOW**—phone or write the Friden Man near you. Friden sales, instruction and service available throughout the U.S. and the world. FRIDEN CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC., San Leandro, California.

The Thinking Machine of American Business

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PAINT
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FRIDENS

WRITES ELY ROGERS, CONTROLLER OF DEVOR & REYNOLDS COMPANY, INC., manufacturers of nationally-famous paints: “We purchased our first Friden fully-automatic Calculators nearly ten years ago. They proved so versatile in speeding our figure-work output that we have found it profitable to keep adding Fridens. Their operating simplicity is outstanding, and Friden maintenance is at a minimum.” ©Friden Calculating Machine Co., Inc.

RELIGION

Words of the Week

"It is no wonder that you have to beg men to come to a men's club in a church when that club has become a poor imitation of Kiwanis or Rotary. The church, for some reason or other, is able to turn out more organizational machinery than any institution known to man. We can draw up bylaws by the ton and appoint committees, bureaus and departments ... until it is no wonder that people day after day are spiritually mangled in the wheels.

"More and more I am convinced that if we spent half the time with people that we spend with bureaus and departments, the world would marvel at the results."

—The Rev. Theodore Ferris, rector of Trinity Church (Episcopal), Boston, to the annual convention of the Massachusetts Council of Churches.

More Mixed Marriages

The Roman Catholic Church frowns on Catholics marrying Protestants, but such marriages are becoming more common. Some fresh findings by Jesuit Sociologist Father John L. Thomas of St. Louis University, as published in the *Catholic World*:

¶ Three out of every ten marriages performed by the Roman Catholic Church in the U.S. today are "mixed," and there is no way of computing the number of mixed marriages made without Catholic sanction.

¶ Catholic girls are more likely to accept mixed marriage than Catholic men; the proportion is about 3 to 2. From the church's point of view, this is more reassuring than if it were the other way round, says Father Thomas, since all studies show that the mother has greater influence than the father over the children's religion.

¶ Mixed marriages occur least often in the lowest income groups and "increase rapidly" with income.

¶ Mixed marriages will continue to increase, predicts Father Thomas, as children of such marriages grow up to make mixed marriages of their own. "In spite of considerable propaganda against mixed marriages, the attitude of Catholic and Protestant young people toward such unions is increasingly tolerant."

Salesmen of Faith

"What's happened?" exclaimed a businessman as he stepped through the revolving doors of Chicago's Sheraton Hotel one day last week. The familiar lobby looked like the setting of a religious pageant; bishops and priests conversed discreetly in twos & threes where traveling salesmen had been wont to swap the latest tales of the road; nuns in flowing habits swept up & down the stairs. Everyone in sight seemed to be dressed in black, and this was just a handful of the 10,000 delegates, lay and clerical, to the Ninth National Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

The confraternity, founded in the 16th Century as a counter-Reformation meas-



**Come back!
Come back!
Something awful's happened!**

(Based on Hartford Claim #73357)

My sister and I had just left our country home to go visiting one day when the gardener overtook us, shouting that our house was on fire. We rushed back, but could only stand aside and cry as the flames ravaged the beautiful old mansion in which both of us had been born. Everything was destroyed! The damage amounted to \$62,710.

When we inherited the place there was no insurance at all, and it had taken the combined effort of both the Hartford agent and our attorney to persuade us to buy some ... \$10,000 worth on the house and \$10,000 on the furnishings. Hartford paid us the \$20,000 ... but we lost \$42,710!

Are you, too, risking the tragedy of under-insurance ... simply because you don't realize how inflation and new purchases have swelled the value of your property and its furnishings? Or because you haven't taken advantage of expert advice?

Check up now! Write for Hartford's free Inventory Booklet to help you. Then see your Hartford agent or your insurance broker. In over 5,000 communities you can reach your Hartford agent by calling Western Union by number and asking for "Operator 25."

HARTFORD

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY
Hartford 15, Connecticut

Year in and year out you'll do well with the Hartford





Ask any woman what color looks best on you. After she has studied your coloring and looked into your eyes, she will tell you that you look nice in gray and that you must be careful about certain shades of brown. But nine times out of ten she will finally come to the conclusion that blue suits you best. Women like men in blue.

Why? It isn't just because blue is the perfect complementary color for her own clothes and the least likely to clash with anything she wears. There are more cogent reasons. Blue is very flattering to the male of the species. It is conservative without being dull. It has an easy, comfortable formality. It is smart in any circumstance. And if it is properly designed for your figure, well cut, and skillfully tailored as Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are, it can give a man that look of quiet distinction that a woman admires.

Phillips' Does MORE Than Lazy Laxatives



**Not only relieves constipation,
but accompanying acid indigestion, too!**

Three tablespoonfuls for constipation and accompanying acid indigestion! If irregularity troubles you, you need Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—because Phillips' does more than lazy laxatives which simply relieve constipation. For Phillips' also relieves the acid indigestion which frequently accompanies constipation! Therefore, Phillips' gives you more complete relief—relief that leaves you feeling just wonderful!

One tablespoonful for stomach upset alone! If over-indulgence causes upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other symptoms of acid upset, take Phillips' as an antacid. It's one of the fastest, most effective excess stomach acid neutralizers known! Brings quick relief.

LIQUID PHILLIPS' AVAILABLE IN 75¢, 50¢ and 25¢ BOTTLES
PHILLIPS' TABLETS IN \$1.00, 50¢ and 25¢ SIZES



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

ure, is the spearhead of the Roman Catholic layman's movement in the U.S.; Catholic leaders are setting more store by it today than ever before. "The clergy you see here all over the place are really just the window trimmings of this meeting," said Dr. Robert S. Shea, executive secretary of New Orleans' Xavier University. The church, he explained, is more & more looking to its layman as an effective "salesman for the faith" in the workaday world of trade and politics, as "fishers," helpers, teachers, discussion leaders, parent-educators and "apostles of good will" to non-Catholics.

The approach to non-Catholics was the subject of one of the chief speakers of the five-day meeting. Author Clare Boothe Luce, who became a Catholic in 1946. Speaking on "Understanding the Non-Catholic Mind," she advised her listeners not to bear down too heavily on intellectual arguments with prospective converts. Speaker Luce reminded her listeners that "an open Catholic purse, a ready Catholic shoulder, a helping Catholic hand and a loving Catholic heart are Catholic doctrine—in action. Words stir—but actions will move people to the Faith. Let us remember . . . that the errors that historically split Christendom were Protestant intellectual errors—but Catholic errors in the order of Charity. It is, therefore, necessary to repair with love the historic damage done by lovelessness. We Catholics must first root out of ourselves all loveless prejudice and criticism against those of other faiths, if we wish others to do likewise."

Pleading for more volunteer educators for schoolchildren, Dr. Ellamay Horan, longtime professor of education at De Paul University, declared that "current thinking is profoundly concerned, and rightly so, with the topic of human rights, yet the first and basic right of man is to know God who created him."

When it was all over, most of the 40-50,000 faithful who had turned out for the confraternity's 66 sessions were happy but tired. Said one weary priest to another in an elevator in the hotel: "I thought I would see some of my Chicago relatives while I was here. But I just had to phone them and say I was folding up."

Freedom & Emptiness

It is not enough to go to church, says the Rev. Colbert S. Cartwright of the First Christian Church in Lynchburg, Va.—a man ought to know why he is going. He asked each member of his congregation to think this over, then mail him a letter summing up the results. Sample reasons:

☞ "I go to church because I want to be identified with an institution that stands for freedom of the mind and spirit . . . that has brought light into the world and uplifted men through the ages."

☞ "I feel God's presence in the music, the sermon, and in partaking of the Lord's Supper . . . I could not worship regularly at home or elsewhere and gain the fellowship of worship I find at church."

☞ "I do . . . because when I don't, I have an emptiness and restlessness inside me."



New electric generating plant erected by Mississippi Power Company near Meridian—served by United Gas.

...where Natural Gas means More Power

Natural gas is the fuel used in the generation of practically every kilowatt of electric power produced in the Gulf South. The combination of adequate power and great, dependable supplies of fuel is a major reason for the location in this area of more

than one-sixth of all new industrial construction since World War II.*

Investigate the advantages of a plant location in the area served by United Gas...and if fuel is a problem in your operations, consult our Industrial Development Director, P. O. Box 1407, Shreveport, La.

*Industrial contracts awarded, 1946 through August, 1951, as tabulated by Engineering News-Record.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

MEAT

The Showdown

In the midst of a blizzard, trains and trucks rolled up to Chicago's stockyards last week, disgorging huge numbers of hogs and cattle. As the squealing, howling animals were crowded into the cold and muddy pens, prices tumbled. Sales of steers were heavier than in any comparable week in ten years. Had the big break in meat prices finally come?

It had for pork, which has long been selling under its retail ceilings. One big Midwest food chain cut prices on pork chops 10¢ a lb. to 73¢, planned another 10¢ cut this week. Elsewhere, housewives were loading up on the biggest pork bargains in months as a near-record pig crop (66,000 last week) came to market.

Black Markets. But beef was another matter. Beef prices are still at their retail ceilings; supplies of many good cuts are short and, in some places, prime beef is simply unavailable. Despite the huge shipments of beef to market, big meat packers cannot buy their normal quotas of animals under OPS controls.

Even after last week's price break, steer prices in Chicago stayed above OPS ceilings. Normally heavy buyers rode around the cattle pens, casting covetous eyes at prize steers (see cut) but buying few. The only way packers can legally buy steers is by averaging down the high prices with cheaper animals such as cows. Cows now account for 50% of the packers' kill, v. 25% in normal times. Even so, slaughtering has been running some 20% below last year, because there are not enough cheap animals to balance the high-priced steers. Result: the big packers are operating at such a low level that they have been losing money on beef for the first time in years. In effect, the packers obeying OPS are underwriting meat controls while black marketeers are making big profits.

The chisellers are not scared. They remember that even during the war, fines were low and jail terms unusual. Despite the loud war whoops from OPS last month, its big enforcement campaign has been disappointing. There are too many artful dodges. In front of an OPS inspector recently, a Chicago butcher demonstrated one by cutting up two identical carcasses. Cuts from one complied with OPS regulations; cuts from the other did not, and even the OPS man could not tell how the cheating had been done.

Under OPS's complicated cutting regulations, cheating is made easy. The rib and the short plate of a steer, for example, are contiguous parts of the animal. But under OPS ceilings, prime rib wholesales for more than double the price of short plate. Thus, butchers who want to cheat merely cut the rib big, the plate small. Another dodge: meat packers are allowed a certain shrinkage in cooling their meat, but it is a simple matter to claim more shrinkage than actually occurs. It is just

as simple to re-juggle the books to bring purchase prices down with little risk of being caught. For with retail prices sky-high, black marketeers can buy their beef above OPS ceilings, sell it at legal prices and still show a profit.

Bulging Feed Lots. Ever since beef controls first went on, meatmen have demanded they be lifted. Most admit that if they are, prices will go up. But after a temporary flurry, they think heavier supplies will bring prices down.

Actually, the showdown is at hand. In the corn belt's feed lots is a record number of cattle that must come to market sooner or later. If they move soon, prices will drop, beef will be plentiful, and Mike Di Salle will win his battle for continued

CONTROLS

Ceiling Raiser

When Congress okayed the Capehart amendment to the price-control law, Harry Truman described the legislation as "terrible." Under the amendment, manufacturers are permitted to raise their ceiling prices to allow for all cost increases from the start of the Korean War up to July 26, 1951. Last week Price Boss Mike DiSalle reluctantly made the "terrible" amendment official, eased the price squeeze on corporate profits. He issued an order allowing about 125,000 manufacturers—one-fourth the nation's total—to figure in their added costs. (Before his order, manufacturers had to absorb increased labor



CATTLE BUYING IN CHICAGO
Chisellers weren't scared by war whoops.

controls. But if this does not happen, and the beef-control program is working as badly and as unfairly by midwinter as it is now, then even impartial observers think that meat controls must be abandoned.

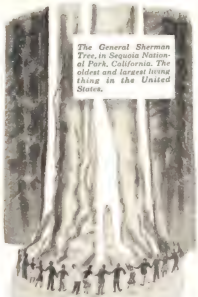
Act of Faith

Forced into receivership last August, Detroit's 92-year-old packing house, Hammond Standish & Co., just closed down; the banks which had made heavy loans were baying too loudly. But the company's 325 employees, many of whom had been with it all their working lives, loyally decided to put the company back on its feet. A month ago, 175 of them went back to work under an agreement to collect no wages in the first two weeks, be paid after that only if the firm was back in the black. Last week President Joseph Strobl announced that the firm was \$10,000 in the black, started paying wages. Meanwhile, more workers were returning every day.

costs since last March, increased material costs since December or March.)

The order covers everything from furniture to processed foods. Manufacturers whose sales have been lagging (e.g., the television and appliance industries) probably won't raise prices immediately. In any case, DiSalle, who will soon extend the price-boosting order to many other products, does not expect the increases to be felt at the retail level for some months. But eventually the amendment will give another painful nudge to the cost of living.

Because of a shortage of corncohs, which are needed to make furfural (a chemical compound) for defense products ranging from synthetic rubber to nylon, OPS junked corn controls last week, hoping that a higher price will bring more on the market. Other items recently exempted from control: wooden haircurlers, glass ice cubes, toy bones for dogs, incense burners, wigs and toupees.



HARD TO BELIEVE?

Unless you see the General Sherman Tree for yourself, you might find it hard to believe that any tree could be 272 feet tall, 101 feet in circumference, and between three and four thousand years old.

And unless you see Patapar Vegetable Parchment for yourself, you might find it hard to believe that any paper could remain strong when wet, be grease-resistant, odorless and tasteless, and stay strong and attractive after boiling and freezing.

LET US PROVE IT!

If you do find this hard to believe, let us prove it. Standard weights and types of Patapar are ideal for most uses. When certain qualities are especially desired—we recommend special types. Altogether we've developed 179 different types of Patapar to perform a myriad of jobs.

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Patapar—plain or colorfully printed—is excellent for packaging all kinds of perishable foods, such as butter, ice cream, celery, lard, fish, poultry, cheese, margarine, tamarins, shortening, ham and bacon. Industrial uses include rubber transfer stocks, separators for dial batteries, soap mold liners, specialty membranes and drafting paper.

Do you anticipate some future requirement for Patapar's unique properties? If so, now is the time to start planning. Write today for Booklet T, "The Story of Patapar."



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TEXTILES

Southward Ho!

For more than 50 years in picture-post-card North Dighton, Mass. (pop. 1,500), Mount Hope Finishing Co. has been the town's only employer. Its 17½-acre, ivy-covered plant, largest textile-finishing mill under one roof in the world, is ringed with a park and the pleasant, trim houses of its 800 workers. Under 76-year-old President Joseph K. Milliken, Mount Hope never had a union, but paid its workers the going wages for the industry. It practiced the kind of old-style, New England paternalism that made "J.K." a popular boss. If sickness struck, he always tided employees over with a loan, sent them off to Boston hospitals in company cars.

But last summer North Dighton began to stir restlessly. The company, hard hit by the textile slump, abolished its bonus



JOSEPH MILLIKEN

After paternalism, pistol permits.

plan and revised vacation pay schedules to cut costs. Workers began to grumble and sign up with the C.I.O. Textile Workers Union. When Milliken fired 191 employees, the plant struck, and the strikers fought with those who refused to walk out. During the 54 days of trouble, fearful company executives and other townspeople took out pistol permits. In one attempt to bring peace, President Milliken called the strikers to the front lawn of his ten-acre estate, urged them to go back to work. Later he said he would have to close if the union came in and raised his costs.

After the union won an NLRB election, Milliken made good his threat. Last week, with the plant shut down for good, it was offered for sale. It looked as if Mount Hope Finishing Co., like many another New England textile manufacturer, would head South where labor is cheaper and raw material closer at hand. Though Milliken denies having relocated in the South



Increases Sales—Lowers Costs! Idaho Grocer Gives Credit To Frigidaire Display Case

BOISE, IDAHO—"I think my Frigidaire Refrigerated Display Case is really tops," says Burnie L. Eady, owner of Eady's Grocery, 901 Roosevelt St. "Meats placed in the case hold their color well and show very slight if any dehydration. And it has increased my sales and reduced my operation and maintenance costs, too. I always feel safe and secure because I know I can depend on Frigidaire Refrigeration."

"My Frigidaire Dealer, S. Birkenwald Co., Boise, has always given me prompt, efficient service."



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For full information and confidential plant location, write to the West Virginia Industrial and Publicity Commission, State Capitol, Charleston 5, West Virginia.

Atlas Corporation 33 Pine Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Dividend No. 40
on Common Stock

A regular quarterly dividend of 40¢ per share has been declared, payable December 22, 1951, to holders of record at the close of business on December 6, 1951 on the Common Stock of Atlas Corporation.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
October 31, 1951.

yet, Milliken's personnel manager went to the Creedmoor Co., a small finishing plant in Butner, N.C., to supervise the installation of machinery from Mount Hope. Meanwhile, more than 20 ex-employees of Mount Hope have already migrated South themselves to work in the Creedmoor mill.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

After two years of research and development, North American Aviation, Inc. this week announced the first atomic reactor to go on sale on the general market. North American's low-powered pile is a 450-ton octagonal structure, 19 ft. across and 11 ft. high. It can run eight hours a day, five days a week for ten years without being recharged with fresh uranium. Its product: radioactive isotopes for medical and scientific research and industrial uses. Price: \$1,000,000, plus another \$1,500,000 to house the reactor in laboratories that can put its products to work.

North American was asked by the Atomic Energy Commission to design the pile. Isotope users now have to rely on Oak Ridge for 90% of their isotopes. Since many isotopes lose much of their radioactivity within a few hours, users would find a nearby pile of their own much more efficient.

Other new ideas:

¶ Virginia's Dan River Mills, Inc. announced a new process, mysteriously labeled X-2, which it claims will make rayon wear twice as long, resist shrinking, wrinkling, yellowing and harmful effects of some laundry bleaches.

¶ Chrysler Corp. rolled out a sleek blue, six-passenger experimental sport car, whose hard-top body was made by Italy's Carrazzzeria Ghia. Built on a 125-inch wheelbase (7, 145) for Chrysler Crown Imperials), the low-slung "K-310" is 18 ft. 4½ in. overall. It has the same basic engine as the Imperial, but horsepower has been stepped up from 180 to 310; the car can do 150 m.p.h. Added feature: a spare tire that can be swung out easily from the trunk compartment on counter-balanced springs. Chrysler has not yet decided whether to market the K-310. Approximate price, if it does: \$12,000.

BANKING

The Old Lady Shuts Her Purse

For 19 years, the Bank of England, London's famed "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," has been a forgotten woman. She has had no control over Britain's easy-money financial policy, has been merely the government handmaiden forced to keep the policy in operation. But last week, as the Conservative government announced its new financial measures (see FOREIGN NEWS), the Old Lady came back to power with a youthful bounce. She announced, with a nod of approval from Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard Butler, that she would again exercise control over Britain's money supply.

In recent years, the bank has, in effect,

Large



or small

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Cyclone Chain Link Fence protects your property and equipment effectively. Besides keeping out thieves, vandals and trespassers, Cyclone Fence gives you complete "entrance and exit control" over everybody. And with Cyclone Fence you get years and years of trouble-free service.

In our free book, Cyclone's many special features are described, and the different types of Cyclone Fence are illustrated. Send for your copy today.

"Cyclone is the trade-mark name of fence made only by Cyclone Fence Division. Accept no substitute."

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FENCE**

UNITED STATES STEEL

been a machine for inflation. It has been forced to buy at low-pegged discount rates all the government short-term bills that the commercial banks and the discount market (finance houses which deal only in short-term bills) wanted to sell. Thus, the banks have been able to get ready cash for lending whenever they wanted. From now on, the Bank of England intends to shut her purse by 1) refusing to cash the bills before maturity, or 2) cashing them at a higher discount rate. In short, the new Tory government, recognizing the failure of direct controls, is finally putting to work indirect credit controls to strike at the real source of the inflation—the over-supply of money.

Shift of Power. The British measures are roughly similar to those which the U.S. Federal Reserve Board put into effect last March to squeeze the supply of U.S. bank credit. At that time, FRB aban-



Mons. Wild—© by Bank of England
THE BANK OF ENGLAND
Back with a bounce.

doned its policy of buying all Government bonds at a pegged price (just as the Bank of England has now done with government notes), reasserted the power that had been chipped away by the U.S. Treasury.

Until sterling went off the gold standard in 1931, the Bank of England held sovereign sway over Britain's economy. Whenever the nation seemed to be living beyond its means, the bank tightened the money supply, and cut down purchasing power by the same measures it instituted last week. But after sterling's fall, the money power passed to the Treasury. The bank was compelled to buy all government securities at pegged rates from the market. In 1947, Sir Stafford Cripps relieved the bank of the obligation to buy long-term bonds at pegged prices. But until last week, the Old Lady still had to go on buying short-term bills.

High Hopes. What will be the effects of the new policy? Some London money men were inclined to belittle them, argu-



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ing that the tightening of credit was not drastic enough. They said that the "penalty" rate for cashing in notes, which was raised from 2% to 2½%, should have been boosted to 4%. But those who had seen the good effects of the credit-tightening in the U.S. had high hopes for the effectiveness of the new policy.

They hoped it would be pushed to the point where it would really hurt consumer-spending in Britain, stop the rise of prices & wages. Now that the Old Lady has her hand back on the purse strings, her admirers thought it would be difficult to shake her grip loose.

SECURITIES

Bogus Bonds

A month ago, as collateral for a loan, Chicago's North Shore National Bank accepted twelve \$1,000 Cities Service sinking-fund bonds. When they were sent to New York for checking, the bank was told that the bonds were counterfeit. The FBI went to work while the New York Stock Exchange warned investors of printing errors in the counterfeits: a narrow white border, a mottled look on their green seal, breaks in the crossing on capital Ts.

Last week, the FBI arrested three men in New York's Grand Central Station, charged them with having \$25,000 worth of the counterfeits, and with trying to sell them at one-third of their market price to an FBI agent posing as an investor. Those arrested, the FBI think, were only middlemen; the actual counterfeiters are probably still at large—and so are other counterfeit bonds.

CORPORATIONS

Tillie's Unpunctured Romance

In Manhattan's elegant St. Regis Hotel last week, a waiter carried two tomatoes on a tray into the suite of Mrs. Tillie Lewis of Stockton, Calif. She was aghast at the bill (\$1). "You tell Vincent Astor," she said. Mrs. Lewis as she signed the check, "that these tomatoes cost him no more than 5¢ apiece, that's 1,000% profit." Said the waiter: "I guess you know your tomatoes."

The waiter didn't know it, but he was indulging in an understatement. In her late 40s, Brooklyn-born Tillie Lewis likes to say she is the world's tomato queen and one of the nation's largest independent canners of fruits & vegetables. She began her Manhattan holiday last week as the 1951 packing season ended. At its close, her Flotill Products, Inc. had turned out 150 million cans, including some 75 million cans of tomatoes and tomato products. This year, she estimates she will net some \$1,300,000 after taxes, on \$20 million in sales.

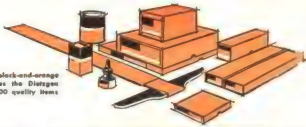
A Lot of Tomatoes. At the age of 15, Tillie, who was born Myrtle Ehrlich, was married to a Brooklyn wholesale grocer who imported the firm-bodied, pear-shaped Italian tomatoes which make the best

* Who owns the St. Regis.

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spaghetti sauce. She later divorced the grocer, but she remembered the tomatoes, even when she went to work selling securities in Wall Street. In 1934, when a tariff sent the price of Italian tomatoes skyrocketing, Tillie began to think of growing them in the U.S. Everybody told her it was impossible ("the soil isn't right"). But on a trip to Italy, she got seed and talked an Italian importer into staking \$50,000 on a project to grow them in California. There, she persuaded farmers to undertake the experiment. It succeeded; pear-shaped tomatoes now make up about 10% of California's crop. To can the tomatoes, Tillie talked Pacific Can Co. into building a small plant at Stockton, with an option for her to buy. In 1935, her first year, she lost \$1,000 but paid all bills. She proved her resourcefulness; once, when the boilers failed, she got a railroad to move in a locomotive.



Werner Wolff—Black Star

CANNER LEWIS
Pear shapes and persuasion.

used its steam to complete the canning before the tomatoes spoiled. She designed a conveyor-belt feeder which is now used by other canners.

In 1937, when Flotill was beginning to show profits, Tillie's backer died. She borrowed more than \$100,000 to buy out his interest, paid it back from earnings in ten months. As sole owner, Tillie added spinach and asparagus to her line, and built new plants. When an organizing strike threatened in 1940, A.F.L. Organizer Meyer Lewis sat down with Tillie, settled the problems in an hour. Impressed with Lewis, Tillie hired him as general manager, seven years later married him.

The Feminine Touch. Tillie has learned every trick of the canning trade, and played them all to the hilt. Her methods have not always endeared her to other canners. Like almost every other canner, Tillie Lewis lost money in 1948 & '49 (reason: high-cost inventories and overproduction). She squeaked through only

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by wangling two RFC loans for a total of \$1,600,000 (has paid off all but about \$600,000). Tillie chose this poor time to launch another venture—a Texas company to import and can Mexican pineapples. Tex-Mex went bust, and Tillie says she lost \$600,000 on the deal. But Flotill kept on growing.

With the Korean war, Flotill became the biggest packager of C rations for U.S. troops (assembling food products made by scores of other factories). Tillie has developed another big sideline, canning 300,000 to 400,000 cases a year of beef stew, corned-beef hash, chili and chili con carne for Hormel. From the original cannery, Flotill has grown to three plants—two at Stockton, a third at Modesto—covering 67 acres, using more than 25 freight cars of tin cans daily, packaging 75,000 cases of 77 different seasonal items, employing 4,000 workers at peak season.

After her lifelong romance with the tomato, Tillie still becomes lyrical over it. Says she: "To see those rich red tomatoes against the white conveyor belt and the gleaming cans traveling overhead—well, it's really beautiful."

AGRICULTURE

Caught in the Squeezer

In the food industry, nothing has caught on faster than frozen orange juice. Its sales have soared from an initial 225,000 gallons five years ago to an estimated 31 million this past year. But the paradox is that the more juice the industry sells, the less money it makes. Last year, both Minute Maid and Snow Crop—the industry's big two—had a rough time. The trouble? The cost of oranges skyrocketed from 46¢ a box to \$2.12, while at retail the industry has been racked by price wars which have recently forced juice producers to sell below cost.

Last week Snow Crop took a drastic step to end some of its risks. It sold all its Florida processing plants (concentrated-juice capacity 14 million gallons a year) for \$11 million to a growers' co-operative, the Florida Citrus Exchange. As a clincher, Snow Crop's boss, 60-year-old Charles W. Metcalf, quit his job and took over as manager of the concentrate operations. Under the deal, Snow Crop was assured of a constant supply of juice and hoped that most of its worries about gyrating orange prices would be solved.

But a similar remedy did not work in California, where a growers' cooperative started marketing the Sunkist brand of frozen juice earlier this year (TIME, June 25). The California growers found that even the tax advantages held by a cooperative (no taxes on distributed profits) cannot solve all the industry's problems of cut-price competition. Some 14,000 members of the California Fruit Growers Exchange have sunk \$4,000,000 into Sunkist's processing machinery. But the exchange, which recently set below-cost retail prices to try to grab the frozen concentrate market away from the older eastern brands, is losing money, and orange growers are squawking.

CAN YOU GUESS THE ANSWERS?

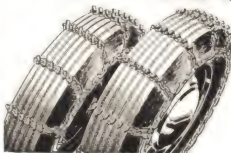


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MILESTONES

Married. Consuelo ("Conchita") Cintron Verrill, 29, flashy Chilean-American lady bullfighter who developed a unique style beginning with *rejoneo* (mounted bullfighting) and ending with *torero* (foot fighting), has killed 800 bulls in her 13 years in the ring; and Don Francisco Castelo Branco, 32, Portuguese businessman; in Lisbon. After the ceremony, Conchita announced her plans for the future: to quit the ring, settle down and write her memoirs.

Married. Piotr Pirogov, 32, Russian airman who made headlines three years ago when he fled to Austria with his fellow pilot Anatoly Barsov,* is now working for the U.S. Air Force; and Valentino Burnos, 25, Russian D.P., who was imprisoned by the Nazis during World War II, came to the U.S. from Austria; he for the first time, she for the second; in Washington.

Died. Julius Lulley, 58, Washington restaurateur, raconteur, wit, who rose from apprentice waiter to owner of Harvey's, one of the capital's oldest and best restaurants; of cancer; in Washington.

Died. Sigmund Romberg, 64, who filled the world's ear with the melodies from more than 2,000 songs and scores of gushing, Viennese-style operettas; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in his hotel suite in Manhattan. An immigrant from Hungary, he started out at 22 in a Manhattan pencil factory at \$7 a week, advanced to a pianist's job in a Second Avenue café at a salary of \$15 plus all the goulash he could eat. Before long he was writing tunes for his own orchestra, caught the attention of Broadway's Shuberts, who asked him to write a musical, *The Whirl of the World* (1913) was an immediate success, and at 26 he was already established as a full-time composer. With production-line efficiency, he turned out 78 more operettas, including *The Student Prince* (which once had nine road companies going simultaneously), *The Desert Song*, *Blossom Time* and *The New Moon*. His lush, middlebrow tunes ranged from rousing ballads (*Stout-Hearted Men*) to glowing sentiment (*When I Grow Too Old to Dream*) to this year's jukebox favorite *Zing Zing, Zoom Zoom*, but the standard favorites were the coyly romantic *Wanting You*, *Lover Come Back to Me* and *One Kiss*.

Died. Robert B. Smith, 76, leading librettist of the operetta era,† who collaborated with Composers Victor Herbert (*Sweethearts*), Franz Lehár, Oscar Straus and Sigmund Romberg (see above); in Manhattan.

* Who later returned to Russia, where he was reportedly executed.

† Along with his more prolific brother, Harry B. Smith, who died in 1936, still remembered for his lyrics (*They Wouldn't Believe Me*; *The Sheik of Araby*) and librettos (*Robin Hood*; *The Serenade*).



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Next day I drove out to his office. Instead of cooling my heels in the reception room, I was ushered in on a red carpet. My flowers had glad-handed Hugh . . . later I rode down the elevator with a big order.

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CINEMA

Big Doings in Bellaire

Paramount's sharpest ballyhoo experts descended last week on unsuspecting Bellaire, Ohio (pop. 12,500) to case the town for the year's corniest movie publicity gag. By the studio's reckoning, Bellaire's Mrs. Anne Kuchinka had beaten out more than 250,000 letter-writing contestants in persuading Paramount to stage the opening of its latest Bob Hope picture, *My Favorite Spy*, in her modest living room. Subject of her winning letter: how her husband paid for his dentistry education by working in a glass factory. On Nov. 27, while searchlights sweep the grateful Ohio sky, Hope & Co. will give Mrs. Kuchinka her reward.

TV Movies

Although Hollywood's top moviemakers are confident that they can hold TV at least to a draw without having to join their mushrooming rival, two more independent studios last week followed the lead of the profitable Hal Roach TV film operation (*TIME*, Oct. 29). Republic Pictures cleared its throat, announced that it had set aside \$1,000,000 to enlarge its sound stage space for TV film production and to finance its first pictures for television (one character already on tap: *Commando Cody, Sky Marshal of the Universe*). Next day, Monogram Pictures fell in line, announced that it had set up a wholly owned subsidiary to make movies for TV. Still to be heard from: any of Hollywood's major studios, now riding the crest of a new movie box-office boom.

The New Pictures

Quo Vadis (M-G-M) is the costliest movie ever made—\$6,500,000* worth of grandeur, violence, faith and fleshpots, glittering with Technicolor and set against the epic clash of Christianity and paganism in Nero's Rome. The film has more lions (63) than most movies have actors; its 30,000 extras outnumber the working population of Hollywood; its army of technicians spent 24 days stoking the conflagration of Rome, which burned only nine days for Nero himself. For sheer size, opulence and technical razzle-dazzle, *Quo Vadis* is the year's most impressive cinematic sight-seeing spree.

Six months in the shooting at Italy's Cinecittà Studios, nine minutes short of three hours in the theater, the picture recreates ancient Rome with massive splendor and lavish detail. Nero's court lolls midst pleasures and palaces. Massed legions march in triumph through crowd-choked avenues. Mobs flee the burning city and storm Nero's palace. Christian martyrs fall to a pack of lions, burn by the score at rows of stakes in the arena of the Circus Maximus. One of them, Ursus the

* Including \$1,000,000 in frozen Italian lire. Before M-G-M breaks even, *Quo Vadis* will have to earn \$14,000,000 at the box office. *Gone With the Wind*, which cost \$4,000,000 in 1939, has grossed \$32 million so far.



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TIME, NOVEMBER 19, 1951

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COMMANDER TAYLOR (RIGHT) IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS*
Nothing succeeds like excess.

Slave (ex-Pugilist Buddy Baer) not only wrestles a wild bull but wins the match.

Like the imperial Caesars, Producer Sam (King Solomon's Mines) Zimbalist and Director Mervyn (Anthony Adverse) LeRoy rely on these circuses to keep their audience diverted from sterner matters. For all the majesty of the theme and magnificence of the trimmings, the story of *Quo Vadis*, based on Henryk Sienkiewicz's 1895 novel, never rises much above the level of a good melodrama.

The script epitomizes the turmoil of its era in a stilted boy-meets-girl romance between a Roman commander (Robert Taylor) and a Christian hostage (Deborah Kerr) who, as the ads say, must struggle between her faith and "his powerful masculine appeal." Between Actor Taylor's woodenness and the coyly pallid playing of Actress Kerr, the struggle seems tame enough to justify one unconsciously comic lapse into domesticity. After Deborah is snatched from the stake and Christianity bests Nero's regime in a spectacular upheaval of death and destruction, Commander Taylor bids goodbye to his trusted friend: "Come visit us in Sicily, and bring Drusilla and the children."

Yet most of the dialogue is more literate than the Hollywood average; some of it, evidently contributed by Co-Scripter S. N. Behrman, helps Actor Leo Genn to shine as Petronius, the Roman satirist, whose dry wit enables him to needle Nero even while flattering him. As Nero, Britain's Actor-Playwright-Director Peter Ustinov is allowed to hog too much screen time, but he does some expert hamming to create the deliciously malign figure of a spoiled, sensual madman. Finlay (*Great Expectations*) Currie plays St. Peter with eloquent dignity, though his long speeches are marred by the camera's digressions to tasteless religious tableaux, e.g., The Last Supper. In the role of the lascivious Empress Poppaea, Patricia Laffan has nothing much to do but hold a pair of cheetahs on the leash, but she is certainly one of the sights of Rome.

Perhaps the last epic of its scope, *Quo*

Vadis is a triumph of money over matter, a monument to Hollywood's faith in the formula that nothing succeeds like excess. Petronius speaks for *Quo Vadis* when, discussing the emperor's monstrous arson, he tells Nero: "History need not say that the burning of Rome was good, but it must say that it was colossal."

For its Hollywood opening of *Quo Vadis* later this month, M-G-M is planning a celebration almost as colossal as the burning of Rome. So many invitations have already gone out to local bigwigs, from Governor Earl Warren on down, that only the most dazzling movie names can hope to make their way along Wilshire Boulevard, lined with a Praetorian Guard of dress extras, to the Four Star Theater. To keep lesser mortals constantly reminded of the occasion, M-G-M hirelings have already arranged publicity tie-ups with everything from soap to fire insurance. *Pièce de résistance*: the *Quo Vadis* hair-do, a tight-fitting cap of curls specially designed by a Manhattan coiffeur.

Across the Wide Missouri (M-G-M) boasts all the expansive paraphernalia of a painstaking Hollywood epic: vast stretches of the rugged Colorado outdoors, superbly photographed in Technicolor; a conscientious effort to show how trappers actually looked and lived in the Western wilderness of 1830; a big cast headed by Clark Gable in one of his manliest roles. Unfortunately, all the color and muscle is not enough to hide the script's severe case of dramatic anemia.

As winnowed out of a Pulitzer-prize history by Bernard DeVoto, the story tamely recalls 1930's *Broken Arrow*, without its surprise or suspense. Trapper Gable marries a proud Indian maiden (Maria Elena Marquez) so he can use her to ease his way into the beaver-rich bailiwick of her grandfather, a Blackfoot chief (played by well-disguised Oldtimer Jack Holt). On

* At the stake: Deborah Kerr; facing the bull: Buddy Baer as Urrus the Slave.

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the trail, he learns to love and respect her. Their marriage wins the blessing of the Blackfoot ruler and gives them a son. But when one of Gable's men kills the old chief to satisfy a personal grudge, a hostile brave (Ricardo Montalban) takes command of the Indians to war on the whites. A Blackfoot arrow, guided by the Production Code's antimiscegenation line, cuts down Gable's bride.

Too often, the film sacrifices action to authenticity; all the Indians' speeches must be translated into English, usually by a bibulous French scout (well played by Adolphe Menjou*), so that some scenes move almost as leisurely as a discussion at the U.N. But the picture fills the eye with the grandeur of its well-chosen locations and the flashing charm of Mexico's Actress Marques, who looks something like a brunette Faye Emerson. And it gains vigor



TRAPPER GABLE & (BLACKFOOT) BRIDE
Arrows on the trail.

now & then from the hairy-chested direction of William (The Oxbow Incident) Wellman, notably in the roisterous humor of a drunken free-for-all, shots of horses charging and churning through mountain snowdrifts, and the unquesamish thunk of arrows hitting human hide.

Two Tickets to Broadway (RKO Radio) is a backstage musical that makes its only nod to the times by placing its song, dance and story routines in & around a television studio. Though the commercials are missing and Technicolor is floridly present, the film so well reflects the quality of current TV entertainment that moviegoers may feel their fingers itching for a dial.

Janet Leigh, playing a young hopeful from Pelican Falls, Vt., hits Broadway just as Tony Martin is hopelessly leaving. An

* Still wearing the famed mustache he later shaved off for a role in the forthcoming *The Sniper* (Time, Oct. 1).

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accidental switch of suitcases at the bus depot brings them together, and a finagling agent (Eddie Bracken) teams them with Gloria De Haven, Ann Miller and Barbara Lawrence on the phony assurance that they will get a spot on Bob Crosby's TV show. When they don't, Janet blames Martin and walks out on the act. But a last-minute booking on the Crosby show brings her rushing to the studio from a homeward-bound bus.

Like an evening with TV, *Two Tickets to Broadway* comes laden with acrobats (The Charlivels), vaudeville comics (Smith



TONY MARTIN & JANET LEIGH
A switch at the depot.

& Dale) and jokes about Bing Crosby's moneybags (by brother Bob). As it turns out, these items, plus the old Rodgers & Hart tune, *Manhattan*, offer occasional relief from the picture's tired situations and tasteless staging. Actor Martin, in good voice, is better heard than seen. Bright-eyed Actress Leigh proves a bust as a singer and a dancer, but is undeniably a hit as a bust.

Also Showing

The Lady Pays Off (Universal-International) proceeds from the doubtful premise that voluptuous Linda Darnell, a famed U.S. schoolteacher who has adorned the cover of *TIME*, cannot get men interested in her for her own sake. They think of her only as a companion for their kids.

Linda hustles off to a Reno vacation in search of romance. She loses \$20,000 to Stephen McNally, owner of a gambling casino, who offers to swap her I.O.U. for a summer of tutoring for his little girl (Gigi Perreau). Linda reluctantly agrees, protesting so much that it takes no cinema



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connoisseur to see that her annoyance will soon blossom into love.

What little fun this frail comedy offers comes not from its hard-working principals but from two supporting players: Virginia Field, playing a flip, catty blonde who exchanges hisses with Linda over McNally, and Nestor Paiva as the Mexican owner of a broken-down fishing smack, who takes a gleefully perverse delight in his own misfortunes.

Let's Make It Legal (20th Century-Fox) is billed as a comedy, but the joke is on Claudette Colbert. Last year a back injury kept her from playing the Bette Davis role in *All About Eve*; she has filled her commitment to 20th Century-Fox in *Let's Make It Legal*. The injury turns out to have put her in double jeopardy by shifting her from 1950's best comedy to one of 1951's worst. The film also traps Macdonald Carey and Zachary Scott in a dreary mishmash about a man wooing his wife all over again against the deadline of their divorce decree and the competition of her old rich beau.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Browning Version. Britain's Michael Redgrave as a Mr. Chips-in-reverse, in Playwright Terence Rattigan's story of an unloved master on his way out of an English public school (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Broadway Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective-squad room becomes an even better movie as filmed by Producer-Director William Wyler; with Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker (TIME, Oct. 29).

The Lavender Hill Mob. Alec Guinness, as an engaging master criminal in a superior British concoction of wit and farce (TIME, Oct. 15).

An American in Paris. A buoyant, imaginative musical, as compelling as its George Gershwin score; with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

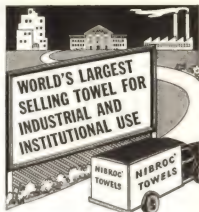
The Red Badge of Courage. Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel, handsomely translated by Writer-Director John Huston into one of the best war films ever made; with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin (TIME, Oct. 8).

The River. Director Jean Renoir's sensitive story of an English girl growing into adolescence beside a holy river in India; based on Rumer Godden's autobiographical novel (TIME, Sept. 24).

A Streetcar Named Desire. An unvarnished adaptation of Tennessee Williams' prizewinning Broadway hit; with Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter (TIME, Sept. 17).

People Will Talk. Scripter-Director Joseph L. (All About Eve) Mankiewicz needles the medical profession in his latest comedy of U.S. manners & morals; with Cary Grant and Jeanne Crain (TIME, Sept. 17).

A Place in the Sun. Producer-Director George Stevens' masterly version of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*; with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters (TIME, Sept. 10).



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O'Hara, Untrimmed

THE FARMERS HOTEL (153 pp.)—John O'Hara—Random House (\$2).

Novelist John O'Hara is an expert at pinning down two kinds of people: those who get hurt easily and those who have a genius for hurting them. His victims and victimizers usually meet in scenes charged with emotional or physical violence, frequently both, and almost always the heel has a field day at the expense of someone better but weaker (*Butterfield 8*, *Appointment in Samarra*, scores of tough, tense short stories). Usually O'Hara makes it plain that heels annoy him almost as strongly as he is drawn to them. In his last novel, the bestselling *A Rage to Live*, he was almost as sympathetic to the betraying wife as he was to the hurt husband. O'Hara's new novel, *The Farmers Hotel*, is news for two reasons: 1) at 46, he has arrived at an almost Saroyanesque love of kindness, hatred of cruelty and stupidity; 2) this is his poorest novel.

When Howard and Martha stopped at the small-town Pennsylvania hotel one snowy evening, it was only to make a phone call. They were both fortyish and married, though not to each other. But they were in love, the real thing at last. Howard Pomfret speaks to Martha just the way O'Hara has learned to write from Ernest Hemingway: "It was so long ago, Girl. I don't want to remember her, I want to be with you. You're my last love, my final love." A few drinks, car trouble, and the blizzard outside decide the lovers to have dinner at the hotel. They are joined by other guests: some down-at-heel vaudevillians, a local doctor, a truck driver with too many drinks in him, the garrulous hotel owner and his assistants.

While the storm rages outside, all is good fellowship within. Then the truck driver, boorish and a little drunk, insults one of the vaudeville girls, quarrels with Pomfret and quits the party. Later, when Martha and Pomfret drive off in the snowstorm, the truck driver is waiting for them beside the road, deliberately smashes into them from the rear and kills them.

The Farmers Hotel is not only as point-less as any other death on the highway, it is also something O'Hara has rarely been: dull. If he was really trying to say something about love, violence and the irony of life, it never reached his typewriter. Not too many years ago, Writer O'Hara would have trimmed these 153 pages down to about 20.

Untidy Old Bird

TWO CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY (363 pp.)—E. M. Forster—Harcourt, Brace (\$4).

As any visitor to the untidy London flat might guess, it houses an old bachelor. In the sitting room, a hastily thrown coverlet drapes an obviously unmade bed. A litter of books, manuscripts and knick-knacks lines walls and floors like the twigs

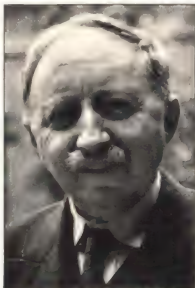


NOVELIST O'HARA
Heels annoy him.

of a nest. Amiable at home in this cozy mess flutters a rare old bird, the dean of English letters, Edward Morgan Forster.

Seventy-two-year-old E. M. Forster is almost as rumped and untidy as his rooms. The tweeds he wears are worn and baggy, his thinning grey hair unruly, his bushy grey mustache in need of a trim. Bony and angular, with pale, piercing eyes, he looks, as one American interviewer put it, rather "like a spare, intelligent, ruffled heron."

Nibbling the Cheese. These days, the heron is hobbled, too. In a fall last June, Forster broke an ankle, and he still keeps it strapped and limps about painfully. But



E. M. FORSTER
Two cheers are enough.

the flashing intelligence and humane spirit which gave the 20th Century one of its finest novels, *A Passage to India*, are as unhobbled as ever.

A Passage to India appeared in 1924. After it, Forster unaccountably banked the creative fires which had blazed through five crackling good novels, beginning with *Where Angels Fear to Tread* in 1905. Fireside chats took their place. Mostly contemplative, critical essays and reminiscences, these were first collected in *Abinger Harvest*, published in 1936. *Two Cheers for Democracy* brings the collection up to date.

In his new chats, Forster roams freely from Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* and Eliot's *Cocktail Party* to a laughing description of how a South African house-boy once dumped a juicy platter of chicken in his lap. While demonstrating the range of his mind, he also files a minority report on the direction in which he thinks civilization is moving. Skeptical, urbane, relativistic, *Two Cheers for Democracy* is the report of a man who prefers to stand in the cool draft of a perpetually open mind. In an age of anxiety, he implies, more & more men are nibbling at the tempting cheese of "absolutes" and "certainties." To Forster, the only certainty is that too much certainty leads to intolerance, and intolerance leads man into bloody traps.

Judging Brutus. In his tilt with the absolutists, Forster employs one absolute of his own: moral courage. "I hate the idea of causes, and if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country. Such a choice may scandalize the modern reader. . . . It would not have shocked Dante, though. Dante places Brutus and Cassius in the lowest circle of Hell because they had chosen to betray their friend Julius Caesar rather than their country Rome. . . . Love and loyalty to an individual can run counter to the claims of the state. When they do—down with the state, say I, which means that the state would down me."

Forster ranks personal relationships above the state because personal relationships rest on the claims of love; the state rests ultimately on the claims of force. The caustics and "idealists" try to vaccinate the state with love. It will not take, says Forster, because "love generally gives out as soon as we move away from our home and our friends, and stand among strangers in a queue for potatoes. . . . In public affairs . . . something much less dramatic and emotional is needed, namely tolerance."

Chins Up. Democracy deserves two cheers, says Forster, because democracy tolerates: 1) individual freedom, and 2) criticism of itself. He adds: "Two cheers are quite enough."

Democracy, laments Forster, fosters the cult of the "Average Man." This average fellow is all too seldom encouraged to chin himself on the upper reaches of the human spirit. He becomes that "charming and seductive" type of snob, the anti-intellectual snob. "I know what I like and



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Re-stacking a Forest

by Stewart Holbrook



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I know what I want," says the crowd . . . "What I like" and "what I want" turn out to be "crooners, bestsellers, electrical-organists, funny-faces, dreamgirls, and mickie-mice."

In his talks over the BBC's upper-reach *Third Program*, E. M. Forster has tried his best to make Britain more worthy of *Cheer No. 3*. "Quality," he preaches, "is everywhere imperiled . . . Those who value it, as I do, are in a vulnerable position. We form as it were an aristocracy in the midst of a democracy, and we belong and desire to belong to the democracy."

But E. M. Forster doesn't want to sound intolerant, even about a good thing like quality: "Perhaps one day everyone will want to listen to Racine. I don't think so, and I don't at the bottom of my heart hope so . . . I don't take to the idea of civilization being too tidy."

Animal Kingdom

SHORT NOVELS OF COLETTE (733 pp.)—With an Introduction by Glenway Wescott—Dial (\$5).

Henry Gauthier-Villars, known to all France at the turn of the century by his simple pseudonym, "Willy," was regarded as the most prolific hack-writer of his day. His admirers marveled that one man could produce such a torrent of puff-pastry fiction, dramatizations, music and theater criticism, and racy personal history. Actually, Willy did nothing of the sort. He employed hacks to do his hacking; he was square of an estate of share-cropping "ghosts."

Willy was a cynical 34 when he married 20-year-old Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette. She was the daughter of a Zouave father and an octoroon mother, and to Willy she seemed as pure & simple as "any little Tahitian before the missionaries got there." After hearing her recount stories of her childhood, Willy realized that she was also a literary gold mine. He locked her in a room, gave her pen & paper, and commanded her to write.

Cat & Mouse. Obediently, Colette wrote, *Claudine at School*, her first novel, appeared in 1900. Thereafter, every year saw a new (and naughty) Claudine book—Claudine stepping out, Claudine painting Paris red, Claudine in the arms of a husband (her own). When Claudine was worn to the bone, Colette started the series all over again with a new heroine named Minne. The French public was fascinated and delighted by Willy's virtuosity. For Willy, of course, signed his name to all his wife's books.

Today, 78-year-old Colette's innumerable admirers (most of whom would agree with Glenway Wescott that she is "the greatest living French fiction writer") wonder how on earth their "national great lady" ever bowed to such servitude. Colette herself, now a distinguished member of the French Academy, wonders too. True, she says, Willy actually kept her under lock & key. But why did she not escape by the window? Was it because he always guessed so cunningly when she was on the verge of flight—and gave her a

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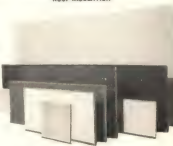
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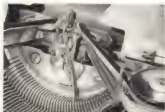
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'Said Koussevitzky: "A truly great voice!"

"Young in an old tradition"

writes Jan Struther
about
Mario Lanza

"To turn effortlessly from Puccini and Verdi to Rodgers and Kern is quite a trick. But to inject the youth and verve of American popular music into the noble tradition of Italian grand opera—that is great and exciting art. Mario Lanza achieves this miracle, apparently with the most perfect ease. He is, one might say, young in an old tradition—and mature in a young one."—Jan Struther.

Have you heard Mario Lanza sing

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Leoncavallo: "I Pagliacci"—Fast in giubba
"The Great Caruso" Album
The Loveliest Night of the Year
"Toasts of New Orleans" operatic Album
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RCA VICTOR RECORDS

raise in salary? Or was it, rather, that under Willy's brutal, profiteering tutelage young Colette learned how to write? Explained Colette years later: "Perhaps even a mouse finds time, between one wound and the next, to appreciate the softness of the cat's paw."

When at last Colette abandoned Willy, she went on the stage. Faded photographs, says Wescott, still exist of Colette as a vaudeville queen—"a black cat in woolly tights with inked-on whiskers," a seductive charmer making a grand entry "with what appears to be a real peacock tail." Colette left the stage to marry a distinguished politician and journalist, Henri de Jouvenel. They were divorced, and in 1935 she married her present husband, a journalist named Maurice Goudeket. But she never stopped writing. By 1919, Marcel Proust himself was shedding tears over her love story of World War I, *Mil-*



WILLY & COLETTE

Why didn't she escape by the window?

son. In 1920 the great Gide breathlessly read *Chéri* at a sitting, declared it had "not one weakness, not one redundancy, nothing commonplace."

Blackbird Plumage. The world of a Colette novel is like no other world in contemporary fiction. It contains no murderers, no politicians, no proletariat, no religion, no problems of intellect or ideals. All that matters in a Colette novel is what happens when, as Wescott puts it, "unimpeachable male supremacy" comes to grips with "absolute female desirability."

Chéri (the best of the six in this volume) and its sequel, *The Last of Chéri*, are about a middle-aged courtesan named Lea and her young lover, Chéri. Lea's only capital (which has borne heavy interest in its heyday) is a "great white body tinted with pink, gifted with long limbs and the flat back which one sees on the nymphs of Italian fountains." Lea adores her body almost as much as Chéri adores his own, with its chest that is "hard and curved like a shield," its hair "like the plumage of a blackbird."

Colette is not the first French writer

You can taste its
real rye flavor

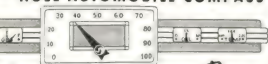
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to bestow upon whores and gigolos the sentimental tenderness that Anglo-Saxon writers reserve for dogs and horses. But she is the first to examine human relations purely in terms of animal magnetism. The chief question in the lives of Chéri and Lea is how soon Chéri will exchange her for a younger, fresher animal.

Bring on the Snails. Sharply and perspicaciously, Colette explores every last corner of "the soul" of the flesh, and hides nothing that sheds light on the role it plays in human relations. The trouble with her creatures of passion is that the reader's interest inevitably flags.

Again & again, "the stiff girdle, the daring drawers and the soft, silent slip . . . come fluttering down"—and more & more the figures resemble lots in a sale of livestock. When at last even the characters tire, and take to sitting in bars, "washing down snails with a glass of wine," it is hard not to wish that the snails had come along sooner.

A Russian Testament

JOURNEY BETWEEN FREEDOMS [281 pp.]—Tanya Matthews—Westminster [\$3.50].

Tanya Svetlova meant less to the London *Daily Herald* correspondent for whom she translated Russian newspapers than his typewriter did. Or so she thought. While he clicked out copy in Moscow's Hotel Metropole, she carted out the empty vodka bottles, lined up tickets for a concert of the Leningrad Jazz Band, checked on laundry, and even darned his socks. Then one day, before she could so much as say *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, Journalist Ronald Matthews proposed.

As Tanya remembers it, he dropped to his knees and said: "I have traveled all over the world and never found a girl like you—I've got a set of false teeth—and I want to have a son as soon as possible—will you share the life of a modest writer? . . . Will you be my wife?" Eighteen months later, in February 1944, Tanya Matthews, her husband, and their infant son flew out of the U.S.S.R. toward England and the freedom of the West.

As Tanya Matthews makes abundantly clear in *Journey Between Freedoms*, such a flight would be the answer to many a Russian maiden's prayer. Though told with small art and smudged with restatements of the obvious, her autobiography does serve one significant purpose: it tells the day-to-day story of many thousands of Tanyas who cannot tell their own.

"You Must Be Proletarian." Tanya was three years old when the Russian Revolution started. One of her first experiences was hunger. "For months and months our diet . . . consisted of yellow maize flour, which was made into thin soup, thick porridge, or small buns. When the pangs of hunger became very acute, we ate a handful of raw, uncooked flour. It tasted sweet, but one got hiccups afterward."

School days brought spoon-fed indoctrination. Sample: at the end of each drawing class, the teacher would draw "a big, five-pointed star on the blackboard,



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which we had to copy . . . This was called 'the bringing of the revolutionary element into the subject.'"

She found out how classless a doctor's daughter could be in a "classless" society when she was refused admission to a university. She was told: "You must be of proletarian origin in order to study here. You belong to the employee category, for which we have no quota." She was finally admitted to classes at the Oil Refinery Institute, worked part-time watching boiler gauges. A month's wages came to 83 rubles at a time when a loaf of bread cost ten.

Thanks to God. At 17 she met her first Americans, some engineers. When one of them explained the meaning of "toilet paper" to her, she was incredulous. "What do they do with their newspapers?" I asked myself. When the secret police found out that she was picking up both American friends and the English language, they asked her a personal question: Would she spy, "for her country," on all the people she knew? Panicky, Tanya eloped with a Russian movie cameraman she scarcely knew, in order to get out of town. The marriage dragged on for awhile in overcrowded communal apartments and abortion clinics, ended in divorce.

Then, by the grace of God, she thinks now, came Ronald Matthews and the chance to fly to freedom. "In the air I found myself praying . . . for the first time in my life to Eternal God, in whom I had been brought up not to believe."

RECENT & READABLE

Gods, Graves & Scholars, by C. W. Ceram. The big men and big moments of modern archeology; proof that digging can be dramatic (TIME, Nov. 12).

The Selected Letters of Henry Adams, edited by Newton Arvin. Memorable commentary, mostly disenchanted, on two generations of U.S. life; by a brilliant and introspective man who grew up thinking that the presidency was a family trade (TIME, Nov. 12).

The Conformist, by Alberto Moravia. Italy's best novelist unravels the character of a Fascist (TIME, Nov. 12).

Life's Picture History of Western Man. A vividly illustrated panorama of a thousand years of Western civilization (TIME, Nov. 12).

Katherine Mansfield's Letters to John Middleton Murry. Touchingly intimate self-revelations by the author of some of the finest short stories in the language (TIME, Nov. 12).

The End of the Affair, by Graham Greene. A shocker about an adulterous love that leads to sainthood—in one of the most controversial endings of the year (TIME, Oct. 29).

Mister Johnson, by Joyce Cary. A fresh and rarely exuberant story of the rise & fall of a Nigerian career man; close to Author Cary's brilliant best (TIME, Oct. 8).

Melville Goodwin, U.S.A., by John P. Marquand. Two more Marquand males—this time a general and a newsbroadcaster—find the flavor of success mixed with the taste of ashes (TIME, Oct. 1).

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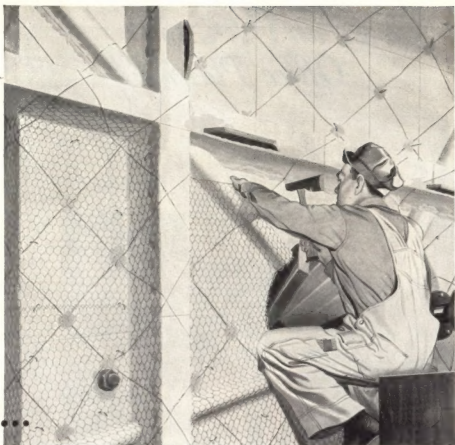
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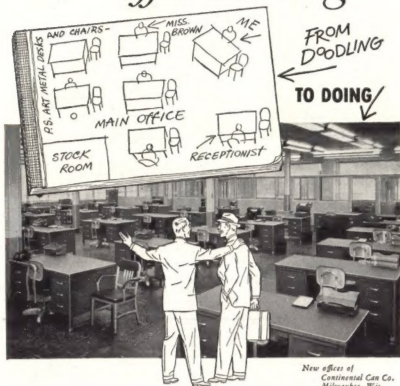
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Offside. In Odessa, Texas, President Murry H. Fly of Odessa Junior College regretfully informed Jackson (Miss.) College that Odessa was unable to accept Jackson's invitation to play a football game because Odessa had given up the game more than a year ago.

Installment Plan. In Honolulu, when Charles Amalu went to the internal revenue office to protest the seizure of his house, seven outdoor canoes and two surfboards in lieu of taxes, the deputy collector seized Amalu's briefcase, which contained \$9,000 in cash.

But Not Out. In Miami Beach, after Referee Eddie Coachman declared Boxer Harry Braelow the loser by a technical knockout, Braelow rose and floored the referee.

For the People. In Wichita Falls, Texas, County Clerk Dora Davis received a letter from a woman requesting some civil rights and enclosing \$1 to cover costs.

All Puffed Up. In Seattle, on his 106th birthday, James Andrew Smith announced, "It's tobacco that keeps a man going. I plan to celebrate several more birthdays if my tobacco and matches hold out."

Wages of Sin. In Long Beach, Calif., after learning that her husband was also married to another woman, Mrs. Lillie Gillis filed suit for \$4,000 as payment for her services rendered as housekeeper, computed at the rate of \$3.25 a day.

Bum Rap. In Buffalo, after the judge sentenced him to ten days in county jail for vagrancy, Frank Stokes, 23, complained: "I have visible means of support—I'm on relief."

Open Ballot. In Norton, Va., the town council passed an ordinance forbidding gambling in bridge games, bingo games, pool halls and ballparks, but allowing bets up to \$5 on political elections.

Bitlet-Doux. In Los Angeles, an unknown Romeo sneaked into a new 9,000-car parking lot and painted the following legend in 12-ft. letters across 200 feet of smooth, new black asphalt: ALICE, I LOVE YOU DEAR.

For Art's Sake. In Chicago, filing a divorce brief, Attorney Samuel A. Rinella charged, among many other things, that his client's husband "consistently compelled the plaintiff, under the duress of dire threats to her welfare, to awaken the children at the unseemly, unwholesome and barbarous hour of 5 a.m., so they might render the still-existent night hideous with sounds of violin and piano in the practice of alleged music upon which the said defendant insisted as a condition prerequisite to the taking by the minor children of maternal sustenance."

Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...YOURS IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!



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